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THE OLD SALT'S WISH

AIR—*The Sea, the Sea.*

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

I.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!
There let the grave be made for me:
I would not lie in the sordid ground,
But where the pure waves play around,
Or the mountain-billows grandly roar
Their battle-notes to the fraudful shore!

II.

My life has been on the wild blue sea,
So open, honest, brave and free,
And there I would in the coral bowers
That mermaids wreathe my bones with flowers,
While mermans sing in the sacred Deep
"No foot shall profane the old Tar's sleep!"

III.

O glory, glory now to know
That above me tides shall ebb and flow,
All afar from every mortal hand
Of the lying, cheating, gouging land,
Until I shall hear the trump of God,
And rise undefiled by the sordid sod!

IV.

No worms shall on my body feed—
For "the harpies of the shore" their greed,
But the beautiful fish shall welcome be
To make all they can in their home out of me,
While the jolly wind of the sunny East
Sings a proper song o'er the Ocean-feast.

V.

And if that doctrine should prove true,
That the soul enters one of the animal crew,
Mine will not go to a brute of the land,
But there have a dwelling far more grand:
O yes, perhaps, in the breeze and gale
I shall billow about in some glorious whale!

VI.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!
There let the grave be made for me:
I would not lie in the sordid ground,
But where the pure waves play around,
Or the mountain-billows grandly roar
Their battle-notes to the fraudful shore!

THESEUS,
THE HERO OF ATTICA.

A LEGENDARY STORY OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT THESEUS DID.

It was soon evident that the lions had scented their prey. Their roaring was eager and persistent, and the poor victims fancied that they could hear the gnashing of the deadly teeth.

"We can do nothing," said Glaucis. "We are dead to Athens forever."

"We will kneel here, and close our eyes to the horrible sight," murmured Andromeda.

"Wait," said Theseus. "If the lions come all together, our fate may be a hard one; but if they have order in their coming, and come not too fast, we may escape."

"It cannot be," returned Glaucis. "The gods are not with us; and surely no human power can withstand the monsters."

As Glaucis ceased speaking a roar more terrific than any which had preceded it rent the air, and a cry of alarm went up from the affrighted maidens. Andromeda, with two others, sank upon her knees and bowed her head, while the rest, with three of the youths, fled towards some of the narrow dark passages.

Again the awful roar shook the mountain, and presently a lion appeared, emerging from one of the passes. He was a huge beast, his thick black mane giving him a look of fearful majesty, while his eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He lashed his sides with his sweeping tail, and his foam-dripping teeth were exposed, ready for the work of death. Theseus threw his mantle from his shoulders and wound it closely about his left arm; and then he drew the sword which Ariadne had given him.

"My brothers," he cried, as he felt the glad weight of the priceless weapon, and glanced his eye along its keen, sure edge, "you see that the gods have not entirely forsaken us. Stand as you are, and leave this beast to me."

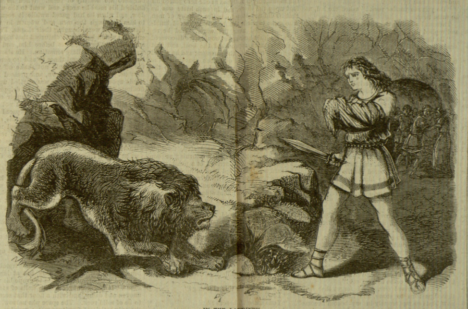
With bold, fearless step the son of Æthra approached the lion, and when he had come to within a few paces he stopped. The king of beasts had evidently never witnessed anything of the kind before; for he gave a startled growl and moved back a pace. When he met the keen, fixed glance of Theseus' eye he crouched low down, as though he would wait until that glance was removed before he advanced. There were other lions close at hand, and our hero knew there was no time to lose. He saw that the beast before him was puzzled, and the moment of this uncertainty must be taken advantage of. He marked the spot where he would strike, and then he called on the gods to help him. As though in answer to this prayer, the lion turned his gaze upon the kneeling maidens, and on that instant Theseus advanced his left arm, and sprang forward. The beast fixed his terrible jaws upon the thick swathing, but he did not close them with full power, for the broad-bladed sword was buried to its hilt in his throat, the point having gone through his heart. In a few moments Theseus shook the teeth of the dying monster from his arm, and arose to his feet.

"One of the twelve is slain," he said, as he wiped his dripping blade upon the mane of the prostrate beast.

"But the sword—the sword," cried Glaucis. "Whence came it?"

"It came from the hands of a blessed spirit," replied our hero; "and if the gods did not instigate the gift, I verily believe they smiled upon the deed."

There was no time for further remark, for at that moment another lion made his appearance. He was larger than the first, and came with more ferocity; but when he met the keen flash of Theseus' eye he stopped, and his mane drooped.



IN THE LABYRINTH.

"See," exclaimed the son of Æthra, without removing his fixed gaze; "these beasts cannot understand the look of a bold, determined man. The quivering, frightened wretch would be as nothing in their jaws, and such have they been wont to meet."

Theseus felt [illegible] confidence in his own prowess, aided by the gift of Ariadne; and when he saw the lion crouching lower down before him, he boldly advanced; but this time he did not offer his arm; he leaped upon the lion's back, at the same instant plunging the stout blade through the spine of the neck. The beast leaped from beneath his enemy, and fell dead at the feet of Andromeda. The youths and maidens, when they saw this second monster slain, began to take courage; and they now looked upon Theseus as something more than mortal.

But there was no time for rest. The lions had discovered the whereabouts of their prey, and were moving towards the spot. The third made his appearance while the cry of terror was yet upon Andromeda's lips, coming in where the first had come. He stopped as he emerged from the narrow passage, and gazed around as though he would select for himself the daintiest morsel offered. Presently, however, he caught Theseus' eye, and hesitated. He had met his master, and he seemed to know it, for his growling ceased, and his tale stopped its lashing. This time Theseus stooped down and offered the bandaged arm; but before the gleaming teeth could be set upon it, the keen sword, cutting the air like a flash of light, was buried in his vitals.

"There are but nine left," cried our hero, as he once more arose to his feet. "O, my brothers, forget not the gods in this hour of need."

Another, and another of the hungry beasts came, and Theseus was ready to meet them. His heart fainted not; his arm failed not; and his trusty sword was true to its aim. Eight of the lions came into that amphitheatre, and there they died. There were four more, and their eager roars could be distinctly heard, though they were evidently at some distance.

"We will wait here no longer," said Theseus, "for it is now past noon,—aye, it must be well on towards the close of the day,—and the other lions may not come this way until after dark. These beasts have evidently been in the habit of having their prey rush into their deadly jaws, and they think that some of us, in our terror, must surely come their way. Follow me, and we shall be likely soon to find them."

"We must trust to fate in our selection from these passages," remarked Glaucis, gazing around with a bewildered look.

"Fear not," replied Theseus. "The kind spirit which hath helped us thus far will not desert us while the son of Æthra lives. Follow me."

Our hero had seen his silken thread running away into one of the narrowest of the passages—a pass from which four of the lions had emerged—and having moved to that point he picked up the clue, and prepared to proceed. Some of the maidens would have shrank from the dark passage, but the assurance of their leader gave them courage, and they followed on. There were many windings, and more than once did Glaucis and his companions express the fear that they were going wrong; but their guide simply bade them follow on while their feet found open space before them. At length they reached another amphitheatre, and just as the maidens were following the youths into the opening, a huge lion made his appearance upon the opposite side.

"Look," cried Theseus, pointing with his sword. "See how the beast quails before us. These monsters, so terrible when their presence strikes the victim with palsy, are not so openly bold when upright man meets them without fear."

"Ah," suggested Glaucis, "the beast sees the sharp sword, and that surprises him."

"I think not," answered Theseus. "The brute knows not the power of this weapon. He simply waits for us to turn our backs."

"But," pursued Glaucis, "should your sword fail you, even for an instant, the lion would kill you."

"Yes," admitted our hero, "because the weapons which nature has given them are more effective than the simple [illegible] mortal man. But we are not cast upon [illegible] behold!"

The youthful hero leaped upon the crouching lion, and drove the faithful blade deep into the seat of his life. Once the monster gained his feet after the blade had fallen, but Theseus threw him back by main strength, and plunged the sword again into his body.

A second lion made his appearance in that same place, and he was slain as the other had been; after which Theseus picked up the silken thread, and moved on again. The voices of the two remaining lions were plainly heard, but they had no more terrors for the Athenians. Ere long Theseus met one of the savage brutes in a narrow passage, and without the least hesitation he advanced until within two paces of the animal. When the lion saw the steady advance, and met the keen gaze of the hero, he seemed to be stricken with enervating surprise; and when he found the man so near upon him, he turned about, and would have fled, but Theseus sprang quickly forward, and struck him a furious blow behind the right shoulder. At this the lion faced his antagonist again, but a second blow completely disabled him.

"O, ye gods!" cried Glaucis, "vouchsafe thine aid to the end! There is but one more lion; and may he fall as his mates have fallen."

"Fear not for the rest," said Theseus. "I am just beginning to feel in mood for the sport. King Minos must find something more powerful than lions if he would finish the doom of the conqueror of Procrustes and Periphetes. Hark! The twelfth lion is not far off."

And so it proved. In a small opening the last lion was met. He came with savage growl and glaring eyes, evidently surprised to see what a feast his companions had left for him. For a few moments he stood viewing the scene, and then he turned towards the maidens, probably thinking that they would make the most delicate meal to begin with. But he was not destined to taste the delicious repast. Theseus, like a thunder-bolt from the hand of Jove, leaped upon the monster's back, and drove home the sharp sword, separating the spine close by where it entered the skull.

"Now, thanks be to the gods, we have the way open before us!" cried our hero, as he wiped his sword and returned it to its sheath.

"And who shall lead us out?" asked Glaucis.

"I will," replied Theseus. "Interrupt me not, but follow close behind me."

On went the guide, gathering up the silken thread as he advanced; turning and winding; now in total darkness beneath the roof of some deep cavern; then groping along a narrow pass which threatened to close up at every step; and anon opening into some amphitheatre. Several times did they catch glimpses of verdant foliage through passages upon the right hand and upon the left, but not yet had Theseus' clue led him into any such place. His companions had begged of him to go by such inviting ways, but he had steadily refused. At length, as they were traversing a desolate chamber of rock, from which there were many ways of egress, Glaucis espied, through an opening directly ahead, a beautiful garden in which were all manner of fruits, shrubs, and flowers.

"Let us go that way! Let us go that way!" he urged.

And others seconded his request.

"Brothers," said Theseus, "if it will please you to view yonder verdant spot, we will go thither and feast our eyes; but, remember, we have not much time to waste."

"But the garden may be the true way," returned Glaucis. "Who knows but we may here find ourselves free."

"We shall see," answered Theseus; and thus speaking he took the ball of silk from his pocket, and having fastened an end of the thread to one of the rocks at his feet, he allowed it to unwind as he proceeded.

The garden was found to be more beautiful than had even been supposed. There were fruit trees in blossom, and fruit trees laden with fruit fully ripened. There were flowers in the bud, and flowers in full bloom; and there were sweet-scented herbs, and shrubs of various kinds. There were also trees of larger growth, within the branches of which sang many a sweet-voiced bird.

"My good Glaucis," said Theseus, "you shall now take the lead, and pilot us through this garden. Go on,—we will follow thee."

Glaucis would have refused this distinguished post; but, seeing that the garden had been visited at his suggestion, he could not well resign the proffered place; so he took the lead, and wandered off through the broadest path that presented itself, Theseus bringing up the rear. By and by the end of the garden was reached, and Glaucis found himself confronted by a perpendicular wall of solid rock. Near at hand stood a tall tree, and having climbed to the top of this he discovered that the garden was of irregular shape, and shut in on all hands by a wall over which even his then elevated position would not permit him to look. He came down and reported what he had seen.

"If such is the case," said one of the youths, "you had better lead us back to where Theseus had brought us."

Glaucis said he would do so at once; and thereupon he started to retrace his steps; but in a very short time he found himself at fault. He came to a point where three paths, exactly alike, led off in different directions. He took the middle one, and when he reached the wall of rock he discovered before him several cavernous openings like the one from which they emerged.

"Forgive me!" he cried, when he had assured himself that he was utterly lost. "Let Theseus take the lead, and I will offer no more remonstrance."

With a smile our hero once more placed himself at the head of the party, and his first movement thereafter was to turn back to the centre of the garden, from which point he took a new course, and soon led the way to another section of the wall. Here, as before, there were found numerous cavernous openings, but the guide did not hesitate. He entered one of them, and ere long they stood where they had stood before Glaucis drew them away.

"Now," said Theseus, after he had secured his clue, "we must waste no more time. The day is well nigh spent, and I would be free from this labyrinth before the night comes. Trust in me and I will lead you forth in safety."

"Lead on," they cried, with one accord. "We have full faith in thee."

Slowly but surely the son of Æthra pursued the devious way, and several times he reached places which his companions were sure had been passed before.

"This place I know we have once before visited," said Glaucis, as they stood within a broad cavern where pillars of grey basalt supported the roof.

And so it had appeared to Theseus; but he was sure that he held the silken thread in his hand, and he consequently knew that he had made no mistake.

"It is one of the mysteries of this mysterious labyrinth," he said, as his followers hesitated. "Let your eyes follow my steps, and trust not to the appearances about you."

Again they followed him, and at length they reached a dark, dismal cavern, damp and miasmatic, from the unseen depths of which came the startling hisses of lizzards and snakes.

"On! on!" cried Theseus. "Faint not here; for, if I mistake not, we are near to the outer world."

"Feeling carefully for the silken clue, he groped his way through the dense blackness of the noisome place, and finally he found himself in a narrow pass, at the far end of which he saw a faint glimmering of light.

On, on, he went, his companions following close behind him, and in a little while they emerged from the dark cavern, and stood where they had stood before their eyes had been bandaged by the officers of King Minos. The sun had gone, and the stars were beginning their course in the heavens.

Down upon their knees sank the Athenians; and the gods must have been reckless indeed if they did not receive with smiles the return of thank offerings which ascended from the lips and hearts of those delivered mortals who knelt on that evening beneath the shadows of Mount Ida.

CHAPTER XI.

SOMETHING IS MISSED IN CRETE.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and Minos, king of Crete, with Serapis, king of Egypt, enjoyed the fresh breeze that swept over the walls of the palace from the sea. Serapis now urged that the lovely Ariadne should be given to him for his wife, and Minos offered no objections.

"I think," said Serapis, "that the maiden does not yet love me; but, if what you say be true,—if she had never loved another—I shall not despair."

"What I have told thee I know," replied Minos, confidently. "My daughter's heart is not another's."

"Then, my brother," pursued the Egyptian, "let us finish the business at once. If the princess is to be my wife, why not make her so at once, and then I can return to my kingdom when I please."

"By the life of my body, Serapis," answered Minos, frankly and earnestly, "you shall name the hour."

"What hour better than the present? Remember, Minos, the time to come is not ours."

"As you will, so it shall be."

"Then I will that the hand of the princess Ariadne shall be given unto me now."

"Good Serapis, I like the plan. She is already promised to thee, and the event is expected. I will summon the chief men of the city, and the priests of the temple, and the ceremony shall forthwith go on. But you must not leave us in haste. Let us enjoy the light of thy presence some days yet."

"That cannot well be, my brother. My kingdom is large, and my presence is needed in my capital. Still, I will not hasten away without sufficient cause."

Minos dispatched messengers after the priests and the chief men of the city, and then he sought his daughter, whom he found alone in her chamber.

"Where is your attendant?" he asked.

Ariadne hesitated, and before she could reply Thalia came in through one of the open windows.

"How!" cried the king, in amazement; "do you wander about upon the walls of the palace?"

"I have been out upon the roof to get a breath of fresh air," replied the girl.

"Have a care for thyself, foolish child. Know that none save sentinels should venture upon the watch-towers."

Then the king turned to Ariadne and informed her of the arrangement he had made. She was about to sink upon her knees at her father's feet, but he prevented her.

"Daughter," he said, with a frown that made his face look terrible, "I can listen to no more objections. You belong to the king of Egypt, and the seal must be quickly set upon your brow. Your attendants will be sent to you, and in one hour you will appear in the marble hall, where rests the throne of Crete."

With these words the king withdrew; and when he was gone, and the door had been closed behind him, Ariadne clasped her hands, and raised her eyes toward heaven.

"O, ye gods!" she cried, "deliver me from this great evil!"

"And if the gods do not deliver you, what will you do?" asked Thalia.

"I shall be dishonored if I become the wife of the king of Egypt," replied the princess; "for I——"

She stopped, and pressed her hands over her heart.

"I was going to say," she added, "that I am solemnly pledged to the hero of Attica; but, alas! where is he?"

"I could see nothing from the tower, my lady. Yet he may be safe, though——"

"Though you cannot believe it," said Ariadne, helping her attendant out with the sentence.

"You have spoken my thought, dear lady. When I think of the dangers of that terrible labyrinth, I cannot believe that mortal man can meet them and live."

"Enough," uttered the princess, controlling herself by a mighty effort. "Let the worst come. I am prepared. I must obey my father at present; but the dark Egyptian shall never bear me from these shores; nor shall he possess me for a wife. If my beloved has passed to the shadowy vale, I will follow him. Now go, good Thalia, and prepare to accompany me to the marble hall. So far as my father has power to force me, I must go, and those who see me upon the way he leads shall not see the spirit of grief that moves within me. I will bear myself as becomes a princess of Crete while those eyes are upon me. If I am calm and resigned, it is because the conviction is strong in my soul that the gods will not forsake my beloved. Now hasten, and be with me when I go to my father."

From that moment Ariadne was firm. She knew that she could not successfully oppose her father in this first step; but she was resolved, come what might, that she would never go to Egypt with Serapis. She arrayed herself in her richest attire, and at the appointed time the waiting-women were with her to conduct her to the great hall.

The marble hall of king Minos' palace was in the centre of the structure, the walls, and the roof, and the pillars being all of the whitest and purest marble. About the throne were twelve pilasters of amethyst, and the hangings were of purple cloth, elaborately adorned with gold and precious stones. Minos was in the chair of state, and upon his right hand sat the king of Egypt, while upon the pavement below were assembled the priests and the chief men of the city.

An exclamation of admiration burst from the lips of the Egyptian as he saw Ariadne enter the hall. She was indeed resplendantly lovely, outshining her attendants as the full moon outshines the stars that gather about her way.

“By the gods Osiris and Isis,” cried Serapis: “I never beheld such beauty before! A new light will shine in my palace; and as I bask in its warmth of love I shall remember with deepest gratitude the king of Crete. The enemies of Minos shall be the enemies of Serapis, and Minos' friends shall be his friends.”

This speech pleased the Cretan king, and he forthwith commanded his daughter to approach the throne. The maiden had taken but a single step in answer to this summons when the proceedings were interrupted by the hasty and unceremonious entrance of Galbo, the keeper of the labyrinth.

“Ha, Galbo,” cried Minos, impatiently, “what means this unseemly intrusion?”

“Sire,” replied the keeper, advancing and kneeling at the foot of the throne, “I have news of the utmost importance to communicate.”

“Speak, speak, Galbo. What is it?”

“Sire, your lions are all slain, and the Athenians are free.”

“No, no,” exclaimed Minos. “Not all the lions.”

“Yes, sire. I have seen the twelve dead bodies.”

“But the Athenians have not found their way out from the labyrinth.”

“Yes, sire; and even now they are in the court of your palace.”

“Then by the gods!” cried king Minos, starting to his feet, “there must have been some treachery. They must have had some guide.”

“Sire, they could have had no human guide.”

At this juncture one of the aged priests stepped forth and addressed the king:

“Sire, wonder not that this thing hath been done. It hath been told to us that Attica should produce a son who should free his people from the burden of that terrible tribute.”

“Galbo,” spoke the monarch, “who led the Athenians forth from the labyrinth?”

“The youth called Theseus, sire.”

“Bring him hither at once.” And having given this order, Minos turned to the place where stood his daughter surrounded by her attendants. Had he been less occupied by the startling announcement of the keeper he might have noticed the wonderful effect which was apparent upon the face of the princess; but he had no thought then of such things.

“Ariadne, you may retire for the present—you and your attendants.”

Then he turned to Serapis:

“My royal brother, you will pardon me for this delay, but I must see these Athenians. By the King of Heaven there is something mysterious in this.”

“So there is,” responded Serapis; “and I am curious to know the secret. A few hours of waiting, under such circumstances, will not make the peerless maiden less welcome to my arms.”

The princess did not wait for a second command from her father. She hastened away, and before she reached her private chamber she dismissed all her attendants save Thalia.

“What now?” asked the serving-girl, as the door closed behind them.

“To my beloved!” cried Ariadne, with determined expression. “I now have a goal before me. Listen to me, Thalia, and be ready to obey.” And with this she placed her hand upon her attendant's arm, and began to explain what she would have done.

In the meantime King Minos waited anxiously for the appearance of the Athenians; and when they came in, Theseus walked directly to the throne.

“Thou art Theseus, the Athenian?” said Minos, viewing the noble proportions of the youth with an expression that partook more of envy than it did of admiration, though he could not repress all of the latter emotion.

“My name is Theseus, and I am of Athens,” replied our hero. Those who stood around were moved by the sound of that voice as they might have been moved by a sudden strain of sweet, majestic music.

“Ky keeper tells me that the twelve lions of the labyrinth are dead. Who slew them?”

“I slew them, sire.”

“How didst thou slay them.

“With a weapon which was upon my person when I entered the labyrinth—a short, sharp blade which I carried beneath my dress.”

“But thy companions helped thee?”

“No, sire; there was no need. I gave myself to this work, fully beliving that the gods would bear me out. I was a voluntary member of the tributary band, and it was my purpose to lift the fearful burden from Athens. I have only done what I believed I was destined to do.”

“But the labyrinth,” cried Minos, betraying some excitement; “how did you thread those intricate masses so successfully? Did you not have some assistance from one who knew the secrets of the place?”

“I think I did, sire?”

“Ha! then there has been treachery!”

“I think, sire, that I must have received the assistance of some god, or goddess. A bright presence, as beautiful as Venus, and with wisdom like Minerva, appeared to me at midnight, while I lay in your deep dungeon, and gave to me the understanding which enabled me to come forth from the depths of the wonderful labyrinth. More than this, sire, I cannot tell thee.”

Minos turned to the Egyptian King and asked him what he thought of it.

“To me,” replied Serapis, “it is very evident that the Athenian youth hath had the assistance of heaven, and it would be unwise to detain him.”

“You are right, my brother. The hand of an immortal is in the work, and I have no desire to interfere. I will at once send the Athenians on board their ship, and allow them to return to their native land. We will see them off, and then the nuptials shall be celebrated.”

Minos arose and announced to the Athenians that they were free, and that they should return to their ship as soon as they had partaken of refreshment. Then he sent for his heralds, and directed that they should proclaim through all Crete that the tribute from Athens was to be paid no more.

Theseus and his companions were conducted to the banqueting hall, where provisions in abundance were placed before them, and when they had eaten sufficient, the King met them in the court.

“Athenians,” he said, “not on my account shall you hasten away from Crete. We are to have festivities here, and your presence would please us.”

Theseus spoke in reply:

“Sire, it would give us equal pleasure to remain with you were it not that in our native land there are many anxious ones, whose hearts now bleed, and who shall be comforted when we return. And yet I have one favor to ask. May we not go on board our ship, and there rest until the night cometh; for I have taken a vow that I would not spread the sails for our return until Hesperus was prepared to light the way.”

“Surely, noble Theseus,” answered Minos, with a gracious inclination of the head, “I can refuse thee no favor of that kind. The waters of our harbor are free, and your ship may rest therein as long as it may please you.”

The Cretan monarch accompanied the Athenians to the landing, and before they left he gave to Theseus a message for Ægeus, King of Athens, setting forth the things that had been done, and also proclaiming the freedom of the Attic city from further tribute of human life. Theseus promised to deliver the message, after which he reminded Minos that when he arrived in Crete he had a sword with him which he could not afford to lose.

“You will find every article on board your ship,” returned the king.

With this assurance our hero bade Minos farewell, and then directed his companions to go into the boat which was waiting for them. They were all in, and Minos had departed; and yet Theseus did not leave the land.

“What wait ye for?” asked Glaucis.

Theseus made no reply, but continued to gaze around, as though something of importance were missing. Presently a boy came towards him, and called him by name.

“Do you see yonder rock!” asked the lad, as he came near.

Theseus looked in the direction pointed out, and replied that he saw it.

“Be there when the stars are lighted. Ariadne sends the word.”

And with this the messenger turned and hastened away, but not until Theseus had recognized the features of the girl who had accompanied the princess to his dungeon.

“I am ready now,” he cried, as he stepped down and leaped into the boat. “I was waiting to see if there might not be some further message from Crete to Athens.”

When they reached the ship their crew welcomed them back with shouts of joy; and upon going into the cabin they found every thing which had been taken from them. Theseus waited impatiently for the sun to disappear, and as soon as the stars began to twinkle in the heavens he caused his boat to be manned by four of his own companions, and having taken his seat at the helm, he steered for the rock which had been pointed out to him. As soon as the prow touched the shore he leaped forth, and called the name of the princess.

“Ariadne,” he cried, in eager tones, “art thou here to bless me?”

“I have not yet proved false, dear Theseus,” replied the maiden, moving forward from the shadow of the rock.

“And wilt thou go with me to Greece, sweet love? Wilt thou leave thy home in Crete, and trust thy future with me?”

“I do but flee from oppression when I leave these shores,” the princess replied, as she rested upon the bosom of her lover. “O, Theseus, thou wilt never cease to love me!”

“Never, blessed one. If I forget thee may these lips turn to stone, and this heart which now beats so rapturously in my bosom become a consuming fire. Come, sweet love,—the joys of more than mortal experience await us. My life is thine and I freely dedicate it to thee.”

Without more words Ariadne and Thalia were assisted into the boat, and when they reached the ship, and the boat had been secured, the sails were spread, and the helmsman, with the bright stars for his guide, steered towards Greece.

And those stars were not observed alone by the helmsman. Theseus and Ariadne remained upon the deck until late in the evening, where they renewed their pledges of love, and built bright dwellings for the future joy that was in store for them. When they finally went below, Theseus gave the princess over to the keeping of the Athenian maidens, who, when they knew she had armed the hero for the work of their redemption, took her to their warmest and most devoted faiendship ond sisterly affection.

* * * * * * *

There was commotion in the royal palace of the king of Crete. The priests, and the chief men of the capital, were assembled again in the marble hall to witness the nuptials of Serapis and Ariadne; but Ariadne could not be found. Minos went himself to her apartments, but he could find neither his daughter nor the slave-girl Thalia. Every chamber in the palace was searched, and even the dungeons beneath were explored. The day departed, and the evening came. Through all the city Minos sent word of his loss, and directed that every nook and corner should be explored.

At length there came a whisper to the ear of the king that the princess had gone away in the Athenian ship. Some fishermen had seen a boat put off from that vessel, and come to the shore, and they were sure that when the boat returned two females went in it. Then Minos remembered how his daughter had gazed upon the Attic hero when she saw him on the day of his arrival; and he also remembered how she had been affected when news came that he had escaped from the Labyrinth. Proof upon proof accumulated until there could be no longer a doubt.

Where was the Athenian ship?

She had been gone several hours, and was now far at sea.

It was near midnight when Minos collected his warriors, and ordered his ships to be got in readiness with all possible haste. He would pursue the treacherous Athenian, and put him to death, even though he had to land upon the shores of Hellas to do it.

And the Egyptian monarch declared that he would also go, and bring back his promised bride.

CHAPTER XII.

THESEUS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Early on the morning of the fourth day the ship reached the Piræus, and Theseus, anxious to see Clio and Cassander, and learn how it was with his mother, left Ariadne in the care of the Athenian maidens, intending to proceed at once to Athens. He told Glaucis that he would return in a few hours; or if they desired to enter the city before his return, he would meet them on the way.

“Only a few hours,” he said to Ariadne, as he held her to his bosom. “I know not if my mother lives, for she was sick when I left her; and I would learn of her before we are swallowed up in the general commotion which must follow the intelligence of our arrival. You will be safe in the companionship of these fair damsels.”

“I would not detain you from the holy mission,” replied Ariadne; “but you must not be long away. I shall feel the weight of suspense until you return.”

“Not long, not long,” said Theseus. “May the good spirits care for thee until I come back.”

He kissed her, and turned away; and the princess, when she saw him pass from the ship heaved a deep sigh and rested her head upon Thalia's bosom.

“O, the gods grant that no evil befall my beloved!”

“How can evil befall him in his native land?” returned Thalia. “Will not the people bless and protect him?”

“But there may be bad men in Athens. There may be selfish, envious men, who like not to see the love of the people bestowed upon others than themselves.”

“Hush, dear lady. Let not this first absence of your lover affect you thus.”

“I am hopeful, Thalia; but—O, I should die if harm befall him.”

At that point Andromeda and her companions came forward, and under the influence of their glad voices Ariadne in a measure recovered her lost spirits; but she could not feel wholly easy. A shadow had fallen across her way, and she could not entirely dissipate it.

Theseus had selected a course which was quite natural under the circumstances. As the sun was not up when the anchor was cast, he believed that he could go to the city, and return, before the people would begin to collect at the landing. He had a great anxiety to see Orestes, the silversmith, in order that he might learn something of Clio and Cassander; and he wished to see those two men that he might learn of his mother. He wished to know if his mother were well, and he furthermore wished to ask her concerning his father. If it were a possible thing he would know the secret of his birth before he presented himself to the people of Athens in the new character which his success at Crete had given him.

The first beams of day were shooting up over the mountains of Kalybea as our hero placed his foot upon the shore, and in such haste was he that he did not stop to notice a score of men who came towards the boat from an old building that stood near the water. Had he remained within hearing he would have discovered that these men approached the boat, and that they conversed with the oarsmen; and he would have heard them ask questions concerning the youths and maidens who had been sent to the labyrinth of Crete; and he would have heard that the oarsmen told all that they knew of the wonderful deliverance that had been wrought. Then he might have heard the strangers ask very particularly after the youth who had volunteered to go to Crete as one of the victims; and he would have seen the oarsmen point towards Athens, and reply that the hero had but just gone, alone and on foot in that direction.

But Theseus heard nothing of all this. He pursued his course with rapid step, thinking only of reaching the city and returning as soon as possible. He had arrived at a point where the road made an abrupt turn around a thicket of olive trees, when a rustling near at hand attracted his attention; he would have kept on his way, however, without stopping, had he not been brought to a stand by a body of men directly before him.

“Gentlemen,” he said, not yet dreaming of evil, “I am in haste. Detain me not.”

“You will answer us a question, will you not?” returned one of the intruders.

“Speak quick.”

“Give us time, fair sir. You are from the harbor?”

“Yes.”

“You came on a ship from Crete?”

“Yes.”

“And you landed this morning?”

“Yes.”

“Your name Theseus?”

Our hero did not answer this question as he had answered the others. He saw that the men before him were all armed, and it appeared to him that they were purposely blocking up his way. He ran his eye over the company, and concluded that there must be a score of them.

“Sirs, what is this?” he demanded. “Why do you stop me and question me thus?”

“[illegible] the foremost stranger, “we have business with thee.”

“What business?”

“You are our prisoner!”

“By whose order?”

“The King's.”

“That cannot be,” said Theseus, promptly. “The King cannot know that I have come.”

“But, nevertheless, he planned for the event of your coming, and we were directed to arrest you.”

“Look ye, sirs; I am in no mood now for surrendering my liberty. Before this day is passed I will, of my own accord, present myself to King Ægeus; but I must not be detained at this time. I pray you, therefore, let me pass.”

Instead of obeying this request the men gathered more closely about the youth, and some of those in the rear drew their swords. This latter movement opened Theseus' eyes. He saw very plainly that their intent was a hostile one, and his mind was not long wavering. If he allowed himself to be taken he could not return to Ariadne as he had promised, and he might not find Clio and Cassander.

“Sirs,” he cried, taking a step back, “I have told you that I would present myself before King Ægeus this very day; but I cannot go with you. Now let me pass.”

“Your stubbornness hath sealed your own doom!” exclaimed the leader of the intruders; and as he spoke he unsheathed his sword.

“Now, by the bolts of Jove,” shouted Theseus, “your intent is plain enough. If you wish to tempt me to combat, I will not be long in clearing my path.”

The leader laughed scornfully, and with half a dozen men upon either hand, ready to support him, he advanced to the charge. Our hero had his father's sword in his hand, and with one sweep he severed the head of the leading foeman from its body. Upon this the others uttered loud shouts of vengeance, and pressed forward; but they found, to their cost, that they had no ordinary foe to deal with. Not only did the sharp sword of the hero fly like lightning through the air, but the movements of his body were so wonderful that no stroke could reach him. He kept his antagonists all before him, and when they began to fall back he pressed on after them. They fell like tall grain before the hook of the reaper, and finally, when there were but six of them left, the living ones turned and fled into the wood.

Theseus, as though he had but swept a mote from his path, sheathed his sword, and kept on his way, and when he reached Athens the sun had not been two hours from its rest. He remembered the location of the dwelling where he had met the Silversmith, and without difficulty he found it again. He knocked upon the gate, and very soon his summons was answered by a servant who led him in and conducted him to one of the upper chambers. In a little while the master of the house appeared, who, when he saw Theseus standing alive before him, was struck with astonishment.

“How—did you not go to Crete?”

“Yes, good Orestes; I went to Crete, and I performed the work I had planned. I slew the twelve lions, and led my companions out from the labyrinth.”

“By my life, this is most wonderful. And did Minos set you all free?”

“Yes,—he kept his promise faithfully.”

“When did you arrive in the harbor?”

“Not three hours ago.”

“And have you come hither without attracting attention? Have you met no one?”

“I did meet a few men on the road—a score, or so—who attempted to stop me. They even drew their swords upon me; but I quickly cut my way through the obstruction.”

“Do you mean that you overcame them?”

“Certainly. Why, my good Orestes, they were but as children in my hands. You see, I could not stop. I wished to find you, that I might learn something of Clio and Cassander; and you will pardon me if I am even now in haste. Do you know where my two faithful followers are?”

The old man seemed for a few moments to be beside himself with wonder and astonishment; and a close observer might have detected that he was somewhat nervous and disconcerted. Finally, however, the cloud passed from his brow, and he laid his hand upon the youth's arm.

“My son, your two friends are in my house. They have been here since you went away. I will call them. But—you have not broken your fast this morning.”

Theseus shook his head.

“While I am finding your friends I will send a servant with refreshment.”

“My brisk walk, and the exercise by the way, have sharpened my appetite some, I confess,” said our hero, with a smile. “But I need not much. A little dried fruit will be sufficient.”

“Then rest you here, and I will find Clio and Cassander forthwith.”

The old man went away, and ere long afterwards a servant entered bearing a silver tray, upon which were a measure of dried dates and some bread. The dates were large, and of a delicate flavor—much richer than usual—and our hero ate heartily of them. When he had finished his meal he arose and went to the window, and when he had gazed awhile it seemed to him as though the men and women in the distant street were changing their shapes. Presently his vision became so disturbed that objects appeared floating in circles before him, and he was conscious of a dizzy sensation. He started back, and walked several times to and fro across the apartment; but he could not shake off the incubus. Finally he sat down, and pressed his hands upon his brow, and he was startled upon finding the moisture thereon cold and dripping. What could it mean? Was he in danger of a prostrating malady? No, no,—it must not be. Again he started up, and once more paced up and down the room; but very shortly his step grew uncertain, and he sank upon a stool near the door. A weight which he could not resist rested upon his lids, and thick darkness was gathering about him. With one convulsive effort he sprang from the seat, but only to sink helpless upon the floor. He murmured the name of Ariadne, and while the murmur still echoed upon the air his senses entirely left him.

When Theseus again opened his eyes with sense he found himself in a damp, dark place, with no ray of light to guide his vision; and the echo of his voice, as he called for help, told him that he was surrounded by solid walls.

“O, heavens!” he cried, clasping his hands upon his bosom, “has this been all a dream! Am I still in Minos' dungeon! No, no—it cannot be. The events have been too real. O, no—I feel the sweet kiss of Ariadne still upon my lips.”

When he first tried to arise his limbs trembled beneath the weight of his body, but at length he stood upright, and was able to grope his way about. It was a dungeon, with walls of stone, uneven and damp, and with a floor that seemed to be of solid rock. The space was narrow, and the only article of furniture was a wooden pallet covered with mouldy straw. Again he sat down, and, as his thoughts came more freely, and his perception grew more keen and grasping, he pondered long and deeply upon the circumstances that, one after the other, came to his mind. Light began to dawn upon him; and as his comprehension awoke to the significance of the circumstances that had attended him thus far since his entrance into Attica he wondered how he could have been so blind.

“I see it now,” he soliloquized. “I have enemies in Athens—enemies who seek my destruction. I must have been recognized at Daphne. The warriors who met me between Daphne and Athens were sent to intercept me; and the horseman who escaped my club on that occasion brought intelligence to the city. The rascal who met us, with the basket of fruit upon his arm, was one of them. Ah—I remember now how he eyed me, and how he overdid his part. He was sent to lead me into a trap. And this old man, who plays the character of Orestes—he is not Orestes at all. He was very ready to see me depart for Crete, for he felt sure that he would never see me again. But I have come back, and he must now be rid of me by other means. He gives me food containing a powerful somnific preparation, and thus overcomes my strength that I may be conveyed to this deep dungeon. And what next? Must I starve here, or will they come to slay me? O, if they would only come, I should be content.

“Ariadne, where art thou! O, and must my will be stayed by these walls! Cannot the gods give me help in this hour of need?”

He sank down upon the mouldering straw; and as he closed his eyes in thought of Ariadne he once more fell asleep, for the power of the opiate was not yet dissipated.

When he next awoke, and had entirely recovered his senses, he felt something of his old strength in his limbs. And his dungeon was not so dark as before. There was a faint glimmer of light reflected from the wet points of the rock, and upon looking upward he discovered a small opening, in one corner of the roof, not larger than a man's hand. After a little time he was able to distinguish the angles and surfaces of the walls quite plainly; and he also saw the door, which he found to be made of iron. He went to it, and pressed against it with his hands, but it gave no signs of yielding.

“I shall not die here,” he said to himself. “If they come to slay me, I will crush them; and if they think of starving me here, I will find some means of breaking down that door. O, if I had the club of Periphetes now!”

As he spoke his eye chanced to rest upon the frame of the low pallet. He went to it, and found two of the pieces to be stout and strong. With a quick movement he scattered the straw over the floor, and then tore the frame asunder. The side pieces were of oak, and very heavy, and having secured one of these he turned once more to the door, and sought to find its weakest part. At length he gathered his energies for the trial, and at the first blow the very rocks seemed to shake. Again and again he hurled his club against the barrier, and finally the stout iron began to give. When he saw this he gave new power to the onset, and ere long the heavy door went down, and our hero sprang forth into the passage beyond. He was deliberating upon which direction he should take, when a glare of light broke in upon the far darkness, and the sound of human voices was borne to his ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—People do not support the gospel; the gospel suports them. The gospel will live whether they do or do not pay their five, or fifty, or five hundred dollars to uphold it. The gospel will live whether they attack, neglect or cherish it.

—Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind, after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

“OUT, BRIEF CANDLE!”

On a fair summer's day, in the year 1580, several students of Paris were seated round a table in the garden of one of the suburban cabarets, enjoying the fresh air and the old wine. Their conversation was animated and eager, but by the expression of scorn that now and then escaped—and some of them not very choice expressions, either—it seemed that they were speaking about some absent person with whom they were discontented or displeased.

“What is he like, Narcisse?—you have seen him.”

“Ugly as Sin, with knock-knees, red hair, and a mark like a full-blown rose all round his right eye.”

“They say he fences well, though.”

“Oh, stuff!—I'd fence him with a toasting-fork, any day, and then toast and eat him!”

“No you wouldn't. He fenced with Charles Lemieux, the fencing-champion, yesterday. They put lamp-black on the buttons of their foils, and Charles had his white jerkin spotted all over like a leopard, while the Adventurer hadn't so much as a dot upon his.”

“Did you read his challenge?”

“Read it?—of course I did. Who could help reading it, placarded as it is on the College gates in letters half-a-foot high! He professes ten languages, and goodness knows how many sciences, and is ready to compete with all comers in one or all.”

“Probably his game is to get a crowd together, for the benefit of some cut-purse followers. Your adventurers always have a troop of swash-bucklers and pouch-slitters in their pay.”

Here three strangers entered the cabaret, and calling for wine, seated themselves at a table near that occupied by the students. Conspicuous among the three was a young man of about twenty, whose air of simple elegance and refinement marked him as a person of breeding and good social position. He was a little above the average height, slightly rather than heavily built, but of a mould in which the greatest degree of strength and activity were combined. His dark auburn hair fell in profusion to his shoulders, and his features might have been considered of the highest type of masculine beauty, were they not somewhat disfigured by a red mark resembling a rose, which blemished his right eye. His garb was of rich material, and cut according to the strictest regulations of the prevailing fashion; but he wore no jewelry except the heavy opal button which confined the feather in his hat, and a gold ring upon the little finger of his left hand. A long, slender sword hung easily upon his left hip, and in his tan-colored girdle, on the right-hand side, he carried a handsome silver-mounted dagger.

The eyes of the students were all rivetted upon the stranger, as Narcisse, in a hissing voice, whispered:—“The Adventurer, by all that's good!—observe the red rose that blooms upon his eye!”

“Ay! ay!” said another, half aloud—“a rose-water knight, I'll wager. The eye that was thus coaxed to blossom by the mild application of rose-water never could flash straight along the blade of a rapier.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed a third: “the rose is a lovely flower before she fades: a sweet, feminine flower. Let's drink to the rose!”

“The rose! the rose!” shouted all, as they drained their goblets to the toast.

A slight flush came to the Adventurer's face, but he made no direct rejoinder to the insult so openly conveyed by the ill-mannered students. He only took down a guitar that hung upon the trellis beside him, and, striking a few chords upon it' sung as follows, in a rich, deep voice:

> “Oh! soft the Rose's velvet cheek,
> And feminine her grace;
> The wight of her who'd lightly speak
> Must come unto disgrace.
> And when she turns her beaming eye
> Unto the golden morn,
> Restrain thy hand, rash passer-by,
> Beneath her robe's a thorn!”

“You aimed that at me!” shouted the biggest of the students, springing to his feet—the same one who had sarcastically alluded to the rose-wafer knight.

“Whom the cap fits let him wear it,” replied the Adventurer, coolly. “If your remark hit me, why shouldn't my song hit you? It's only blow for blow.”

The student was upon him in the flash of an eye, sword in hand.

“Steady, now!” said the Adventurer, with cold scorn gleaming from his eyes. “Let us take off our jerkins, lest their very respectable appearance should be damaged by any suspicion of blood.”

They crossed their swords cautiously, and parried each other with equal skill for some two or three minutes. Presently, however, the tall student began to lose his temper, as his antagonist slightly pricked him here and there with his lithe rapier. He lunged wildly out, right and left; but the Adventurer slid rapidly back until he was some four yards from him, and then, springing the whole distance at one bound, passed his sword close by the student's right eye so as to cut a deep groove just over the cheek-bone, while, with a quick turn of the wrist he sent his sword flying from his hand.

“Bring some rose-water, landlord!” cried the Adventurer, leaning gracefully upon his sword—“'tis a sovereign remedy for a gash in the neighborhood of the eye. And now, sir,” added he, picking up the student's sword and handing it to him, “I trust this will be a lesson to you, and that in future you will treat with more courtesy the foreigner who seeks not to quarrel with you.”

And so saying, the Adventurer departed from the cabaret, with his friends.

“I wish ha hadn't gone away so soon!” exclaimed Narcisse, when the door was closed,—“I should like to have measured swords with him.”

“So should I!” shouted all the others, in chorus.

The door opened suddenly, the Adventurer stood upon the threshold and said blandly—Oh! I had forgotten, excuse me, pray. Would any other gentleman here like to have a little turn with the rapier? If so, I am very much at his service.”

There was no reply. The Adventurer bowed low to the sheepish-looking students, and walked away.

“He is a low fellow, evidently,” said a student, after he had peeped from the window and saw the enemy at a safe distance. “Your tavern-brawler is never a gentleman. He is a tavern-brawler. Suppose we post him as such in the public streets?”

“Agreed!” cried all.

The next day was the one on which the Adventurer was to dispute with the learned doctors in the Navarre College. His placard had hung for some days on the college gates, holding forth an invitation to all comers to compete with him in the living and dead languages and in the sciences, such as were cultivated at the time. Beneath this placard, now, as he approached the gate, he observed another, on which was inscribed the following words:

“If you would like to see the monster of perfection who issues the above challenge, you had better look for him in the tavern, the gamblinghouse, or the bagnio. His studies are carried on in such resorts."

Heedless of this stab in the dark from the gang lately chastised by him, the Adventurer calmly took his seat in the lecture-room. There was a great array of rank, fashion and beauty to hear him dispute with the learned men, all of whom were forced to yield the palm to him in the various subjects discussed. An address of the most flattering character was made to him by the president of the college, accompanied by the more substantial gifts of a diamond ring and a purse of gold, and he retired amid the applause of the audience, to rest awhile upon the laurels thus honorably gained by him.

Versatility, however, has its dangers, and the man who can do most things better than his fellows is never without his detractors. At the balls in the *salons* of Paris there were none who could compare with the Adventurer in the mazy dance. The belles of the fashionable world wrangled for him, fencing each other with their harmless fans in a way wonderful to behold; and, as a natural consequence, the beaux hated him with a bitter and intense hatred. His "noble horsemanship" excited the ire of this perfumed popinjay, and his musical accomplishments embittered the heart of that. A strong clique, at the bottom of which were his friends the students, was formed against our Adventurer, and so he brushed the dust of Paris from his buskins, and left it one fine morning to try his luck at Rome.

And there too, his thirst for glory led him into difficulties. In that stronghold of Latin he challenged the professors to tussle with him on many subjects in that ancient tongue. They did so, and went down one after another. Other triumphs were gained by the Adventurer in the city of the seven hills. Malignity arose out of them, and pasquinades of the most atrocious character were aimed at him by the envious scholars. He lodged at the sign of the Falcon, and one of the placards put up to annoy him ran thus:

"If you would see this strange thing that has come among us, go to the Falcon, and IT will be shown to you."

His persecutors at Rome at length got the better of him. One against many is no safe match; and so he turned his back upon the seven hills and the yellow Tiber, and made his way to water-kissed Venice. An adventurer—brave, handsome and accomplished, and not yet twenty-two years of age.

To start in life here, (for he had no letters of introduction that we know of,) he wrote some Latin verses in a strain most laudatory of the grand old town. The verses took with the good Venetians, though we have no direct evidence as to whether they were published in any newspaper of the period, nor whether there was any newspaper at the period in Venice wherein to publish them. But the verses took, at any rate, and brought the writer of them into immediate notice among the wealthy and influential. Blessed old Venice that you were! Just fancy an adventurer in these our times coming to New York, and getting a first-class situation in the Custom House on the strength of an ode written by him in praise of the Battery!

Here among other things, at Venice, our Adventurer turned lecturer, and delivered a very eloquent oration in praise of Ignorance, which was rather popular for a while. See how like the world of nearly three hundred years ago was to the world of to-day. Lecturers on the rampage, and a full appreciation of the blessings of Ignorance all around!

But the wishy-washy ways of watery Venice did not long suit our ambitious young hero, and to Mantua next he bent his wandering steps. Here an excellent opportunity offered for distinguishing himself in a physical way. There was a certain gladiator under the patronage of the Duke of Mantua—a renowned and formidable swordsman, who had slain in fair fight three of the best fencers in the place. This was long ago: nobody of late could be found to fight him, and he went gloomily about Mantua, thirsting for blood, and living on high fare in the Duke's kitchen. To meet this person in the arena our Adventurer demeaned himself with purpose. It was necessary for him to obtain an introduction to the Duke of Mantua, and he compassed it thus. He posted a placard—placards were a speciality of his—offering to fight the moody and redoubtable gladiator of Mantua for fifteen hundred pistoles. Now the gladiator had not so much money at his command, a circumstance which brought the Adventurer into immediate contact with the Duke, who sent for him, entertained him with a princely collation, and arranged to back the ducal fighting-man to meet him for the sum named. Fighting was a more gentlemanly amusement then than it is in these our degenerate days. The Adventurer and the gladiator met, in an arena gaily decorated for the occasion, and in presence of a great concourse of the Mantuan notables. The contest was fierce but brief. Three times did the Adventurer pass his sword through the body of the doomed gladiator, who fought bravely to the end, but expired on the spot from the effects of the last stab, the sword of his antagonist going through his heart. There was great joy in Mantua at the result of the combat, for the gladiator had long been the terror of the town. And did the conqueror pocket the fifteen hundred pistoles? Not at all; he caused the sum to be divided among the widows of the three persons formerly slain by the Duke's gladiator, thus rendering himself, by two master-strokes, the most popular man in Mantua.

The Duke, who was secretly pleased, it is said, at having got rid of his troublesome fighting-man, for the comparatively small sum of fifteen hundred pistoles, now took our Adventurer into his household, as director of the studies and pastimes of the young Vincenzo di Gonzaga, heir to the ducal throne—a youth of dissipated and disreputable life. Much labor was lavished upon this young man by his youthful tutor, but all in vain. The drama, even, was resorted to as a vehicle in which to carry him from the path of dissipation and vice. The Adventurer got up private theatricals at the palace, with this view. He wrote a comedy for the occasion, founded upon the weakness and wickedness of human nature—a sort of protean play, in which he sustained no fewer than fifteen characters, himself. What effect this dramatic performance had upon the morals of the young Gonzaga, does not clearly appear; but that, as a comedy, it must have been a great success, we have proof: for that bombastic old chronicler, Urquhart, tells us how one of the duchess's ladies of honor "unfortunately burst a blood-vessel, in a fit of irrepressible laughter, to which she was brought by the humors of the piece.

It was high carnival in Mantua; but among the gay masquers who thronged the public places of resort, none was so conspicuous for his grace and accomplishments as the Adventurer. The fair young Mantuans each hoped for his hand in the festive dance. When night fell upon the vine-wreathed verandahs, no voice was so sweet as his in the dulcet serenade. Even the fast young men of Mantua, envious of him though they might have been for his wonderful gifts, and for the preference shown to him by the eyes of beauty, loved him for his genial disposition and companionable ways.

One lovely night of the carnival, the Adventurer wandered with his guitar through the avenues of Mantua, dropping in upon his acquaintances here and there, and enjoying the various amusements that were going on, as a bee sips honey daintily from the various flowers in some gay parterre. His vagrant steps led him by a mansion where dwelt one of the goddesses at whose feet the susceptible youths of Mantua were ever worshipping—a young donna of sparkling beauty and wit, with whom it is said that the reprobate Gonzaga was deeply smitten. That the Adventurer also had a tender passion in the same quarter is more than probable, though that secret must bide its time with all the others that have gone out undivulged from the world. At any rate, he unslung his guitar, and sung sweetly to its vibrations a serenade—the last ever composed by him. The dying cadences of the song were yet echoing in the hushed gardens, when a party of revellers in masks came by, and, rushing upon the singer, attacked him furiously with their swords. Two or three of the foremost speedily gave way before his practised weapon. One, who seemed to be the leader of the party, still pressed upon him. The Adventurer disarmed him with a deft parry, causing his sword to fly from his hand. The discomfitted reveller threw off his mask, and stood glaring before him—young Gonzaga, his pupil, eldest son of the Duke, mad with jealousy and hate. With that chivalry which ever distinguished him, the Adventurer, kneeling upon one knee, presented his own sword to the prince, who, dastard as he was and recreant, ran him several times through the body with it.

Thus wretchedly perished, at the early age of twenty-three, James Crichton, called, for his many rare qualities, the Admirable. He was the scion of an ancient Scottish family, and was born in 1560, at the old castle of Cluny, whose gray walls rise from an islet in a tranquil Highland lake. Allowing a fair margin for exaggeration, he must have been a man of remarkable attainments for his age and the days in which he lived. That he left no work after him may be due to his extreme versatility. The universal genius scatters himself like thistle-down to the four winds. But Crichton was undoubtedly a brilliant light of his period: a bright candle, though a brief.

AN IDLE HOUR, AND ITS RESULTS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I've an hour before train-time, and how to employ it is the question. It is too hot to attempt anything useful, and as to being ornamental, that is impossible with one's face in a blaze, and one's collar wilted down. However, I may as well take a stroll on Broadway. It's better than sitting in this deserted office, and, as everybody is out of town, I shall be sure not to meet any one I know."

Herbert Langley still came to town every day from his home up the river, but he was getting desperately tired of it. The weather was growing exceedingly warm, there was little business and nearly all his associates had left for their chosen summer retreats. He had finished everything he had to do, read the papers even to the last advertisement, and there still remained an hour to be disposed of before he could return home. An idle hour!

He locked his desk, took up his hat and sauntered forth, meeting not a creature in the deserted halls, but a char-woman with bucket and scrubbing brush, who greeted him with a [illegible] on her wan face, in memory of sundry coins that the tall handsome man had slipped into her hands. Something now made her shower him with blessings in the richest brogue, as he went "whistling for want of thought" down the long stairs, the clank of his heel on the iron the only other sound that echoed through the building.

He changed his mind when he reached Broadway, and crossing over he entered the open doors of Trinity church. How dim, and cool, and still it seemed after the glare, and heat and noise without. He strolled about the porches and along the aisles, and then went out to wander under the grand old trees of the churchyard, and ponder over the sunken, gray and half-defaced tombstones that commemorated the dead long forgotten but for them. He wondered how these ancient worthies, laid there to their last sleep, could rest with the direful din and clang of commerce and the crash of wheels forever filling all the ambient air and shaking the very ground their bones reposed in.

"I wouldn't blame the old fellows for walking, if they cannot have a quieter bed than this. I shall rather believe in ghosts after this, and consider them very respectable members of society. I'd be one myself if I had no more comfortable place for my last long rest——"

There was a dead pause—turning the corner of a tall monument close beside him, came a lady, leading a little boy by the hand. She gave a slight shriek as she saw him, and put out her hands, either in greeting or to ward him off. Her dress was very plain and poor, and that of a widow—but she was unmistakably a lady, and after the first exclamation she bent her head slightly, as to a stranger, and would have withdrawn.

"Come, Bonney," she said, and the little child, turning his wondering eyes in which a hostile light had been coming from the stranger, clung closer to his mother's hand as she moved on. But Herbert Langley placed himself in her way.

"Won't you speak to me, Isa?" he said. "I am sure I know of no reason why you should not," and his voice trembled as he held out his hand, that was not quite steady either.

She hesitated a little, gave a timid glance at his face, and then just touched with the tips of her fingers the broad welcoming palm.

"You remember me, then," she said. "I thought no one would know me now."

"I, at any rate, am not likely to forget you, Isa. But I had no idea you were in this country. Have you long returned, and is this your little boy?"

"I have been a year in America, and this is my little Bonneville, my sole treasure now."

"If I dared ask——"

"Ask me nothing. You see me so changed that I had hoped none of the friends I once had would recognize me now. I would not renew my acquaintance with them. Come, Bonney, we will go now."

"Not till you have shaken hands with one of your mamma's old friends, my boy. Don't you think you can like me a little, sir?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I like you very much if you like my 'ma. But she always said she had no friends here, and I'm sure I never saw any."

"That's because she did not let her friends know she was here. But we'll change all that, will we not, Bonney? Tell me where you live, and I'll come and see you, to-morrow, and bring my sister, the prettiest lady that ever you saw, except your mamma."

"Bonney!" exclaimed the mother, warningly, but not soon enough to prevent Herbert from catching the reply.

"No. 92 ——— street. Is it any harm, ma?"

"Won't you let me come, Mrs. Merlincourt? You little know how glad Grace will be to see you once more."

"I do not receive any one," Mrs. Merlincourt replied. "You will pardon me, Mr. Langley. You know that I would see Grace, if any one."

"But you will make an exception in our favor—in memory of the past, you will see Grace——"

Mrs. Merlincourt had been very pale from the first; but now she swayed, and, as if unable longer to stand, leaned against the railing of the monument for support. Her face was ghastly in its pallor, as she faltered:

"No, no! It cannot be—and you of all others——"

Herbert sprang to her side—again she made that repellant movement, but it was too late. He caught her tottering form and seated her upon the grass. Her head lay against his shoulder, with the whiteness of death upon it.

"Go away, sir! You make my 'ma sick!" exclaimed Bonney; but then something awful in the still face touched his heart to finer issues, and he began to cry.

"Oh, she will die; my 'ma will die! Can't you make her well, sir? She did not have hardly anything to eat to-day, and she said she was so faint before we came out."

Herbert started as if stung. Could this be true? Was it possible that Isa Grey had known the pangs of hunger that she had no means to satisfy?

"Hold her head, Bonney, while I find some one to help us!" he exclaimed, and as the little fellow quietly obeyed, he sprang towards the gates. Meeting the sexton on the way he sent him for water, and a policeman lounging along the pavement wakened into alacrity at his call. In five minutes a carriage waited for the group, and water, with a dash of brandy from the policeman's flask, had partially revived the fainting woman. With a few words of explanation, Herbert lifted her into the carriage, placed the child beside her, and himself opposite, and drove off.

There was just time to reach the train, and calling for a moment for a package of biscuits and a bottle of wine at the restaurant he frequented, Herbert had the satisfaction of arriving and placing his charge on board the last car, just as it was about to move out of the depot.

"It is the best thing I can do—it is the only thing—for she is surely too ill to be left to herself, and mother and Grace will gladly nurse her," he kept saying to himself; and meanwhile the sick woman had not recovered sufficiently to offer more than the faintest remonstrance. She sighed wearily, and leaned back among the cushions. I think she was glad of the sense of rest that stole over her.

Herbert had made much of his idle hour.

Isa leaned back with closed eyes, and Herbert opposite to her, with the little boy asleep in his arms, watched her sadly, thinking of the past, and marking the changes wrought in her during these years of parting. Oh! how he had loved her, and how his heart had been wrung by her conduct! She had been his betrothed bride, soon to be his own forever, he believed. Then Merlincourt had come, with his false smiles, and his practiced airs of the man of society, and won her away. She was a weak girl, and the quiet, studious, country-bred youth no longer pleased her fickle heart and dazzled eyes. She asked him to free her, and he hid the pang with which he consented. And then she married Merlincourt, and went away with him to his own country. It was very long since any tidings had reached him of her welfare.

I don't know that he thought of the significance of her widow's weeds, or that anything of the old dead and buried f[illegible] could revive. Had you asked him, I think [illegible] have said only the poor pale ghost [illegible] love could now walk the earth. And yet it was with a strange feeling of gladness that he knew that he was bearing Isa Grey—he would not recall her hateful married name—to his home.

The sunset hues were gleaming from the river and embroidering the Western hills with purple and golden lights, when the train stopped at last at the little station near which Herbert Langley's summer home lay. Mrs. Merlincourt roused a little at sight of the spot so well remembered, but fell again into the trance-like condition which had enchained her faculties since the scene in the churchyard. Herbert lifted her in his arms, and bidding the boy follow, took her to the carriage that was waiting for him. Sheddon, the old coachman, opened wide very wondering eyes at the sight of his master with that woman all in black in his arms; but no sooner had he caught sight of that pale face than wonder gave place to astonishment and pity.

"Is that Miss Isa, sir?" he asked, respectfully. "She's mighty changed, sure, and I never should a-known her——"

"Hush, Sheddon! She's very ill. Put the boy into the carriage, and then drive slowly and carefully. Are my mother and Miss Grace alone?"

"Yes, sir. Nobody there at all; they'll be mighty glad to see you," answered Sheddon. "Wonder if little marster wouldn't like to ride on the box."

"Do you want to ride with Sheddon, Bonney? I think there is nothing you can do for your mother, now."

"She is his mother, and that's just what I wanted to find out," said Sheddon to himself, as curious as pitiful, as he turned into the long road that wound over the hill toward Mrs. Langley's.

There was a little shadow of scorn on the faces of both ladies when Herbert announced the name of the guest he had brought them. Women do not lightly forgive one who has wronged a beloved friend, and they well knew that the brightest years of Herbert's life had been blighted by Isa's loss. But when they saw her pale and helpless, not able even to recognize them, whom she had known from her youth, their hearts grew soft with love and pity. It is a woman's instinct to relieve suffering, and presently Isa was laid in the handsomest guest-chamber, the nearest physician summoned, and all the available female force of the establishment enlisted in her service.

Bonney, too, came in for his share of kindnesses; and such a plentiful meal was set before him that he was now in more danger from a surfeit than he had before been from starvation, had not Herbert's presence and advice restrained him within reasonable bounds.

Hours elapsed before Isa awoke from that strange coma, which had bound all her faculties, the re-action from protracted grief and anxiety. Mrs. Langley and Grace were not quite so pitiful when she began to recover, and the doctor assured them that all danger was passed. They were not yet quite ready to forgive. It needed the story of the wrongs she had endured, of the lingering punishment of her sorrowful years, of the martyrdom of all her feelings and her hopes that had followed the foolish step she had taken. Merlincourt was not a pseudo count, a barber or valet-de-chambre in disguise. He was a scoundrel of as high a rank as he had ever arrogated to himself. But that did not make the woman he deceived any happier, nor prevent her from sinking into the deeps of poverty, when her money had all been swallowed up in the maelstrom of his debts. And because he was gentle by birth, he knew better how to torture in a certain refined manner. His wife might have had some compensation in her scorn of a low and vulgar scoundrel, but this one knew so well a lady's instincts that he left her no loophole for any such questionable comfort.

Now when Mrs. Langley and Grace had heard all this, they were as ready to forgive as Herbert, hearing nothing, had been at sight of her pale face and wearied air. Isa had no friends of her own family, and she was glad to remain with these till her strength was a little recovered, she said and thought. They resisted long, but no sooner was she well, than she sought the means of independent livelihood. To leave Bonney with them, and visit them monthly, was all the concession they could obtain. They little guessed what a punishment it was for this woman to receive from the man she had wronged, and who, in spite of the impulse and folly which had led her to wreck her hopes and his, she had never ceased to love.

Does any one expect that the fruit of Herbert Langley's idle hour was the renewal of his old love, bridal favors, and a wedding? If so, I fear disappointment is in store for such. I believe he would never have married had he not met Isa, but that meeting destroyed the ideal he had all his life cherished. Henceforth he loved her as a friend, cherished her as a dear and suffering sister, and took her beautiful boy to his heart and home as his adopted son. But love was merged in compassion, and admiration for her person—into reverence for her grief.

He married another—a woman true of soul and great in heart. His home and hers was always a warm shelter from the cold world to Isa, and they had no more valued friend when she, mastering the vague hopes which she had never acknowledged to herself, came to them, and occupied the place they offered. She is a grateful, mildly happy woman now, who blesses the idle hour that led Herbert Langley to her side, to rescue her from the abyss of misery into which she had fallen.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.

Every incident in the life of Washington is full of interest. That plain, heroic magnitude of mind which distinguishes him above all other men was evident in all his actions. Patriotism, chastened by sound judgment and careful thought, prompted all his public acts, and made them examples for the study and guidance of mankind. It has been said that no one can have the shortest interview with a truly great man, without being made sensible of his superiority. Of too many who have some way earned the title of great, this is by no means true. Its applicability to the character of Washington is verified in the following interesting circumstance:

"I was present when General Washington gave his last vote. It was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 11th of December following. The court-house of Fairfax county was then over the market-house, and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousands of persons in the court-house yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the father of his country drove up, and immediately approached the court-house steps; and when within a yard or two of them, I saw eight or ten good-looking men, from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously, and place themselves in positions to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the general's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the court-room—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polls—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage, and saw his departure. There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting, and as the general approached them, they arose in a body and bowed smilingly; and the salutation having been returned very gracefully, the general immediately cast his eye towards the registry of the polls, when Colonel Deneale (I think it was) said: 'Well, general, how do you vote?' The general looked at the candidates, and said: 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men;' and turning to the recording-table, audibly pronounced his vote—saw it entered—made a graceful bow, and retired."

MAGNIFICENT NIGHT SCENE.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in its last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the work of transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of heaven; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

In firing into masses of timber, or any solid substance, that velocity which can but just penetrate will occasion the greatest shake, and tear off the greatest number of and largest splinters; consequently, in close actions, shot discharged with the full quantity of powder tears off fewer splinters than balls fired from the same nature of guns with reduced charges. In naval actions, shot intended to take effect upon the hull of an enemy should rather be discharged with a falling than with a rising side; but such pieces as may be appointed specially to act against the masts and rigging, should be fired, on the contrary, with the rising motion, the aim being taken low. In all close actions, the great object should be to strike as often as possible the enemy's hull. One or two twenty-four pound shot taking effect just below the water line, and perhaps perforating both sides of a small vessel, will in general either force her to surrender, or send her to the bottom; and such an injury is much more likely to be occasioned by firing with a falling than with a rising motion.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WE have simply the choice either always or never to fear; for our life-tent stands over a loaded mine, and, round about, the hours aim at us naked weapons. Only one in a thousand hits, but, in any case, better fall standing than bending like a coward.

A FEMALE heart is often like marble; the cunning stone-cutter strikes a thousand blows without the Parian block showing the line of a crack; but all at once it breaks asunder into the very form the cunning stone-cutter has so long been hammering at.

ACCIDENTS of various kinds may bend aside some flowers which a sweet girl has drawn as a veil over her heart, as the ground-stories in cities prevent looking in at the windows by flowers and grape-vines.

OUR lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods, temples, and bliss—and alas that so often Goths and Vandals stalk through and strip them with their talons.

THE more vigorous and elevated a man is, the higher tenderness he is capable of, as on high trees the fruit rounds itself into a milder and sweeter form than on low ones.

THE chariot of life rolls on without our knowing whether it is the chariot of Elijah or of Phæthon, whether we are by means of it to soar to heaven or to fall therefrom.

FAITH laughs at a shaking of the spear; unbelief trembles at the shaking of a leaf: unbelief starves the soul; faith finds food in famine, and a table in the wilderness.

IF we are loved by those around us, we can easily bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all in the Polar regions.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some behind may at the same time be descanting on their own.

FEAR sometimes adds wings to the heel, and sometimes nails them to the ground and fetters them from moving.

NOT in unmanly characters does mildness charm, but in manly ones; as energy does, not in unwomanly ones, but in the womanly.

WHOSO would feel the tenderest participation in joy, let him not look at happy children, but at the father and mother who rejoice to see them happy.

FAIR female souls, like those angels before the prophet, need only two wings to lift them, but four to veil themselves.

A SHILLING, spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wise man, who knows better what to do with it; so it is not lost.

GYMNASTICS open the chest, exercise the limbs, and give a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows.

HABIT or custom, like a complex mathematical scheme, insensibly becomes a line, and, unhappily, may become a curve.

IN the world of childhood, all posterity stands before us, upon which we, like Moses, may gaze but cannot enter.

TO a bereaved lover every tree of the old trysting-place is the pillar of a temple, whose Divinity has departed.

A VICTIMIZED tailor learns that some of his customers understand the art of sponging coats as well as he does.

MAN demands more that sorrow than that rapture should show its motive and its apology.

GOD is great and therefore He should be sought; He is good and therefore He can be found.

GOOD will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

THE greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

THE greatest part of mankind use their first years to make their last miserable.

[illegible] acts are the wicked realities, and laws the beautiful fictions of Government.

THE most worthless of all purses is that filled with borrowed money.

CURRENT ITEMS

DURING a recent trial of a suit at law, out West, the sanity of one of the parties—a lady—was questioned, and it finally became necessary to introduce testimony on that point. Among others who were examined as to the sanity or insanity of the lady was a highly scientific young physician, who, in giving his testimony as an expert, said that he "considered the lady to be sound in her mind as to most subjects, but she seemed to view the subject of religion from the osteric standpoint of Christian exigetical analysis, therewith agglutinating the polysynthetical ectoblasts of homogeneous asceticism, modified by a tendency to anacreontic optimism and perhaps epicurianism." The jury could not agree as to the sanity or insanity of the lady, but were unanimously of the opinion that the doctor was as crazy as a loon, and ought to be shut up in an asylum.

THE First Minnesota regiment of volunteers, which was recently sent home to recruit, is stated to have been in twenty-five battles, beginning with the first battle at Bull Run and ending with the battle at Bristow Station last Autumn. They have had over eighteen hundred men on their list since they entered the service and now have less than three hundred left—the fifteen hundred absent ones, with the exception of about sixty invalided men, having all perished in battle or from wounds received in battle. The remnant of this brave regiment will carry a glorious record home to Minnesota, and it is to be hoped that they will return with their ranks filled with recruits worthy to be their comrades.

A COUPLE of men, who were said to be intoxicated, created a disturbance in the Eighth avenue, one evening lately, by trying their revolvers on each other at the distance of a few paces. Neither of the reckless men was injured, but a cart horse that was passing received a ball in the thigh, which inflicted a severe flesh wound, and the pain and fright rendering him unmanageable, he dashed about in the crowd till he slipped and fell upon the pavement. The two shooters were arrested and locked up till morning, when they were held to bail in $1,000 each.

A GENTLEMAN who accidentally stepped on and tore the trailing skirt of a richly-dressed woman in Broadway, attempted to apologize to the offended divinity, who turned upon him with flashing eyes and frowning brow, but before he could utter half a dozen words she hit him in the face with her parasol, and marched off with rage and indignation patent in her tread, leaving the astounded gentleman with hat in hand, and bowed body, to cogitate at will upon the dangers of trampling on trailing drygoods in Broadway.

A MAN in respectable and prosperous business in this city, was admitted into a hospital in Brooklyn a short time since, on account of a nervous complaint which he said he could not account for. In the course of a few days he died, and it was then discovered that he had a severe wound on the back of his head. No light could be obtained as to the mystery by the hospital authorities, and the case was handed over to the detectives to work up.

THREE young men went off in a small boat from Flushing one afternoon lately, and going too far out, they were caught in a strong gale and an ebb tide, which carried them about fifteen miles out of their course before they could land. Their absence was so prolonged that their friends gave them up for lost, and preparations to search for their bodies were about to be instituted, when news of their safety was received.

IT seems that there is to be no lack of arms, on the part of the Union armies, for the coming campaign. The government is said to have about a million stand of infantry arms on hand, and artillery and cavalry gear to match. All the armories are in full blast, and are rapidly manufacturing implements of death; the armory at Springfield alone turning out over twenty-five thousand muskets a month.

A DESERTER attempted to swim from Riker's island to the main land one night a short time since, but was fired upon by a sentinel and hit, as it was supposed, as he seemed to sink about midway between the island and Harlem. His body could not be found; and it may be that his sinking was a sham to throw the authorities, who might wish to capture him, off the scent.

THE amount of city taxes paid by the Banks and Insurance Companies of New York this season is reported to exceed one million five hundred thousand dollars.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

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THE HEROIC STRUGGLES OF SPAIN AGAINST ROME.

[NUMBER TWO.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The city of Numantia, in the north-east corner of Old Castile, on the river Duero, where Soria now stands, was the stronghold of the Spanish patriots in their struggle against the invading Romans. The energetic invaders resolved to destroy the city. They invested it with an army sixty thousand strong. The fortress was garrisoned by but six thousand Spaniards. The besieging Romans constructed wall against wall and bastion against bastion. They resolved, by a strict blockade, to avoid all the risks of battle, and to subdue their foes by the simple yet terrible energies of famine. The Roman consul, Scipio Emilianus, a son of the renowned Scipio Africanus, conducted the siege. He had already attained celebrity in his wars in Africa against Carthage, which city was now entirely demolished.

As months passed away, during which the beleaguered garrison made many but unavailing sorties, everything which, by any possibility, could be eaten was consumed. Famine was now slaying its thousands. There was no alternative for the survivors but to die, or surrender themselves to slavery, a doom worse than death. The indomitable Spaniards scorned to capitulate. The account which the ancient historians unite in giving of the scene which ensued, seems absolutely incredible. And yet we have no light but such as they give to guide us, and their narrative is apparently well authenticated.

According to these accounts the heroic and invincible inhabitants of Numantia resolved to escape from the dominion of the Romans by their own mutual and entire extermination. Deliberately and firmly they entered upon this unprecedented enterprise. The husbands first all killed their wives. Parents then destroyed their children. This being accomplished, the stern survivors then engaged in their own destruction. Some fell upon their own swords. Some persuaded friends to perform for them the kind act of death. Some set fire to their houses and perished in the flames. Thus it is recorded that every individual in Numantia perished. Not a solitary inhabitant survived. And when the Romans clambered over the silent and abandoned walls, they found a smouldering city without a living being in its streets. Not a captive remained to grace their triumph. Not a gem could be found for a Roman coronet. Life and wealth had been consumed together.

If this narrative be true, it is the most extraordinary event in the annals of war. The fall of Saguntum, which we have before related, was awful. But the fall of Numantia stands without a parallel in the history of the world, as the most energetic and desperate act upon record. This tragic event took place 133 years before Christ. The destruction of Numantia paralyzed the energies of the Spanish patriots, and two-thirds of the peninsula despairingly submitted to the Roman sway. Nearly all the native tribes tremblingly sent deputations to implore the clemency of the conqueror. A few of the mountain clans, in their inaccessible retreats, who, in their poverty, were not worth the trouble of conquering, remained in independence. But still the extortions of the Romans were continually goading the enslaved people to insurrection; and the peace of Spain was only that peace to which slaves submit when crouching beneath the uplifted lash.

Rapacity, lust, cruelty, ever marked the Roman domination in Spain. For half a century from this time the whole peninsula continued to exhibit the same unvarying picture of abject bondage. Occasionally, goaded to desperation, the victim would turn upon his oppressor, but to be smitten with a mailed hand in bloody death.

In the year 81 before Christ, the merciless dictator Sylla was at the height of his power in Rome. Among the innumerable victims of his proscription list there was an illustrious general by the name of Quintus Sertorius. He was then in the prime of life, and was endowed with great physical energy and mental vigor. As a leader of armies he had no superior. His ambition was as boundless and unscrupulous as was that of Sylla, before the terror of whose aim he had been compelled to flee.

Sertorius, in his flight, succeeded in reaching Spain. The natives, ever eager for an opportunity to rise against their oppressors, encouraged by his military renown and by his inextinguishable hatred of the Roman usurper, rallied around the banner he boldly raised. Sertorius soon found himself at the head of 9000 troops, ripe for any enterprise, no matter how desperate. But Sylla, to hold the restless Spaniards in subjection, had four armies in the field, amounting, all together, to 120,000 men. With amazing energy and military skill, Sertorius baffled his foes, and multiplied his victories, until he united the two powerful tribes—*nations* they were then called—the Lusitanians and Celtiberians, into one government, formed precisely upon the basis of the republic, so called, then established at Rome. With amazing celerity he advanced in a career of conquest, rapidly accumulating such resources that Spain seemed upon the eve of being rescued entirely from its foreign oppressors.

Sertorius established two capitals in his growing dominion—Evora, in the heart of Lusitania, and Osca, now Huesca, in Celtiberia. Both of these capitals were embellished with the noblest works of art. A senate consisting of three hundred of the most distinguished citizens, most of them Romans by birth, administered the general affairs of the nation. His army was organized upon the Roman model. There was a university established at Huesca, to which Sertorius invited distinguished Latin and Greek professors, and which attained very considerable renown, attracting students from all parts of the peninsula. Industry, in all its branches, was encouraged. Arms were manufactured, arsenals reared, mines opened, and the hour of Roman expulsion and of Spanish disenthrallment seemed to be at hand.

The imperious Sylla, alarmed at the strength rebellion was assuming in Spain, dispatched several additional Roman legions to crush the audacious foe. Sertorius hurled upon them his exultant troops, and trampled them in the dust. Sylla died miserably, and went to the bar of God with the blood upon his soul of one hundred thousand men whom he had sent to the scaffold. The Roman senate, conscious that the emergency of Spanish affairs demanded the most decisive action, sent to the peninsula several veteran legions under Cnaeus Pompey, a young general whose star was just beginning to rise, lurid and gleaming, over a war-scathed and smouldering world. The storm of battle now swept Spain with terrible devastation. When Pompey and Sertorius crossed swords then the mightiest energies of the demon of war were called into requisition. There were many fierce and sanguinary battles, in which both parties struck their swiftest and heaviest blows, and then rested from the conflict, bleeding, panting, and equally exhausted. Rome poured in reenforcements to replenish the thinned ranks of Pompey. But with equal ardor the Spanish tribes contributed their recruits to strengthen the diminished battalions of Sertorius.

At one time the Spanish forces were so pressed by the Roman legions, that Sertorius dispersed his whole army, at a given signal, through a hundred diverse paths, leaving the foe utterly bewildered by their sudden vanishment. In a few days they were all re-assembled with recruited strength at an appointed rendezvous. Rome now offered an immense reward for the head of Sertorius. Perpenna, one of his generals, caused his assassination, at a public festival, not for the sake of the reward, but to obtain the supreme command.

The assassin accomplished his object and was recognized as the leader of the Spanish army. But in his first battle the genius of Pompey triumphed. Perpenna's troops were utterly routed and he was taken captive. The wretch sought to purchase pardon by acts of the utmost perfidy and meanness. Pompey, despising him, sent him to the scaffold. With the death of Sertorius the last glimmer of Spanish independence expired. But his memory was for ages cherished by the natives of Spain with undying love. The genius of Pompey now dominated over Spain. Most of the tribes submitted to the conqueror. As he swept with his armies from Andalusia to the Pyrenees, he found no occasion to draw the sword. Thus Spain, in the year 72, before Christ, became, for the second time, subject to Rome. The silent submission of the vanquished people was undisturbed for twenty years, but by occasional and partial insurrections, which were promptly crushed and with merciless severity.

From this successful expedition Pompey returned to Rome. For a time Julius Cæsar, a young man whose fame was rapidly rising, and who had married a daughter of Pompey, was entrusted with the governorship of Spain. Though the tremendous energy of Cæsar overawed all opposition, still, as he assumed to be the foe of aristocratic privilege and the friend of popular rights, he was a favorite with the people. By his military prowess and his administrative skill he obtained much celebrity, and soon returned to Rome laden with the wealth which, in accordance with universal custom, he had wrested from the Spanish people. By means of this wealth he secured his election to the consulship, the highest office to which a Roman could then attain. Becoming thus powerful, he entered into a coalition with Pompey and Crassus, forming that famous triumvirate which divided between themselves the dominion of the then known world.

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STREET CHILDREN.

Speak gently to these little outcasts, as they run beside you in the thoroughfares, plucking at your garments and soliciting in whining accents for the penny which you feel it is scarcely charity to bestow. Look into their wan, pinched faces and remember that all that is evil in them has been cultivated, and every seed of good systematically repressed. Laziness and Debauch, cowering in some squalid cellar, await their coming, perchance, to convert the fruits of their whimpering appeals into soul-and-body slaying poison. Happy fathers and mothers, thrust them not aside roughly. Trained as *they* have been—*your* children, the light of your eyes, the pride of your hearts, for whose welfare you pray and labor, whose loving hands you trust will smooth your dying pillows, whom you hope to meet in a world where there is neither sin nor sorrow—would have been such as these. *Your* little ones are the joyous birds that sing and flutter in the sunshine; *these* have been condemned to nestle with the vampires and the owls. Who is responsible for their degradation and defilement? Has society done what it could to protect and save them? Have you, sir, who walk Broadway with the proud port of a man of substance—you, madam, who sweep its sidewalks with brocade—done your duty in the premises? The "beggar's brat" from whose importunities you turn with disgust, and who will probably live and die a pauper, perhaps a criminal, might, perhaps, with the same advantages your son enjoys, far outshine him. Among the "scum of the streets" there may be germs of goodness and greatness, which only require proper culture to bear invaluable fruit. If they are choked down—who is responsible? We all say that Society should do its utmost to prevent such evils. But what is the use of proclaiming a truth unless the deed seconds the word? Reader, you are a part of Society. Have you, according to your ability, put your shoulder to the wheel?

Of the outcast children who dog our steps in the streets at all hours of the day and far into the night, a large majority die of diseases engendered by exposure, privation and ill-usage. As a rule, they are scantily fed, sent out half naked to excite compassion, and beaten when they fail to collect money enough to drown in rum the senses of the wretches for whom they purvey. When sick, and therefore useless, no care is bestowed upon them, and amid drunkenness, blasphemy and misery they languish and die. Surely something might be done for these poor little weaklings who, when washed off their feet as it were, by the street tides, crawl away to perish by inches in cellars and garrets more cheerless and inhospitable than the streets themselves. Why cannot we have a children's hospital here on the same plan as the one established in Edinburgh, Scotland, about four years ago. The good which that institution has effected ought to stimulate every populous city in Christendom to found one like it. A recent writer tells some stories of its ministrations of mercy, which it is difficult to read with dry eyes. A few sentimental theorists, it seems, were opposed to it on the ground that it separated the children from their parents—as if that were not the greatest blessing that could happen to the offspring of the refuse of society. Nothing can be more true than this: that when parents make of themselves brute beasts, it is not only the right but the duty of the public to step in and say, "These are the children of the community; give up your pretended rights and unfulfilled duties—they are no longer your children but ours. We may not be able to save you, but these little ones *must* be saved."

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DINNER IN THE DESERT.

An anonymous traveller, who professes to have been almost everywhere, has recently been publishing his experiences of the best (and worst) the market affords in various parts of Africa. As that dry and dusty continent is rapidly becoming a place of fashionable resort, perhaps some of our readers may be thinking of "doing" it, and if so, they would perhaps be glad to know "What to eat and what to avoid" among the articles on Africa's bill of fare. In making a selection from Nature's live stock in that region, hippopotamus may be safely patronized by persons curious in their eating, but elephant is to be deprecated and eschewed. A slice of hippo, we are told, "tastes like a mean proportion between boiled beef and boiled pork." "Mean proportion" is a good expression, and no doubt very accurate. Elephant, one would think, could hardly differ much from River-horse in fibre or flavor; but it does. The former, even if you get the porter-house cut, is rather tougher than india-rubber; the latter tender and fat as prize beef. Eland steak is so delicious that our traveller is moved to recommend the immediate domestication of the animal in Christian countries. Giraffe sirloin is rare eating, but as the animal is somewhat scarce, the African tourist must not expect to dine on it more than once a week, at most. Above all things we advise him to abstain from ostrich. It is said that a strong-toothed Kaffir, who can make a meal off sole leather and wire, shakes his head hopelessly at the idea of masticating a bit of Ostrich gobbler. Zebra is pronounced to be as good as veal, and porcupine equal to hare, and our authority is quite eloquent on the subject of locusts, which he declares to be very like the famous Thames fish, the Whitebait. St. John, therefore, was not so badly off in the wilderness, with his locusts and fresh honey. The African lizards are also reported palatable; but the king dish of South Africa is the bustard—when you get it, which is seldom.

Upon the whole, S[illegible] and Central Africa are by no means oversto[illegible] with edible delicacies, and the tasteful epi[illegible] is advised to think twice before he leaves a [illegible] turtle soup, canvas-back ducks, twent[illegible]pound turkeys, saddle-back oysters and [illegible]ddings, for the sunny region where they [illegible]lion, elephant, ostrich, cameleopard, porcupine, lizard and such "small deer."

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MRS. LINCOLN SENDS A BOUQUET TO FERNANDO WOOD'S RESIDENCE.

If the Empress Eugenie should send a sentimental present to Greco, the leader of the late conspiracy to assassinate her husband, she would be denounced as a double traitress; false to her lord and false to the Empire. Everybody would say that she desired the death of the Emperor and civil war in France. The wife of the President of the United States we are sure wishes no ill to her husband. Yet this lady sends to the mansion of the most conspicuous Northern enemy of the Union, and by consequence, of its chief magistrate, a present of rare flowers accompanied with her card and compliments, and the souvenir, with its complimentary pendant, is paraded at a fete given at the mansion aforesaid. The house to which the token of sympathy was sent was that of Fernando Wood, a man whose revolutionary proclivities are so strong that, not content with favoring the disruption of the federal compact, he has proposed and strenuously advocated the disintegration of this State by the erection of an independent government for the city of New York.

Perhaps this presentation of flowers was simply an act of silly ostentation. Possibly the camelias and roses were only intended, like the gifts sent by advertisers to editors, to secure a favorable notice of the donor. We hope so. Bad taste is better than unpatriotic sentiment. But nevertheless, this gratuitous compliment to the family of an avowed disunionist, is a stab, not at the life indeed, but at the political character of Mr. Lincoln, and an indirect endorsement of treason. It cannot, we think, have been so intended, but it bears this construction. It was the pride of Cæsar that his wife was above suspicion. The wife of the President of the United States should so govern herself in a crisis like the present, as to be able to defy the tongue of slander to impugn her loyalty. Garlands from the Executive Mansion, with the signature of its mistress attached, do not look well on the centre tables of Constructive Traitors.

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THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

[*From the Ledger, Feb. 6.*]

In the presence of these facts, is inquiry to be bluffed off by raising a howl of "treachery" and "bad faith" against honest friends of the government who impugn the sagacity and wisdom of the man under whose administration of the affairs of the navy department, such wholesale and, so far, unpunished outrages have occurred? Not exactly. The government is one thing, the administration another. If a department of the government is mal-administered by a public servant, no party influence should be permitted to shield him from merited disgrace. The idea that what is called "supporting the administration" should include a complaisant blindness to a lack of brains, or of energy, or of honesty in any one or more of its members, is a new one in this country, and the sooner it is dismissed from the heads in which it originated, the better.

Thank you, Mr. Bonner, for showing that a man can be loyal, yet have 'yes, ears, and common sense. We don't pretend to be politicians, but we pretend knowing white from black, and an observer coming in personal contact with some acts of this administration, and also that of past ones, is apt to sigh, even in the face of long editorials on incorruptibility, etc. Oh, honor! oh, justice! oh, uprightness! can you exist in the breasts of politicians elevated to civil official power? Allow us to shake you, good, loyal "LEDGER"—a warm, admiring shake—for daring, in these days of bayonet power and shoddy rule, to open your columns and criticise the doings of one of the elect.

MYSTIC.

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—When we commenced the publication of Mrs. Southworth's very popular story, "SELF-MADE," (which is now drawing to a close) we stated, in speaking of the hero of it, ISHMAEL WORTH, that, under another name, he actually lived, and struggled, and suffered, and triumphed, and became one of the foremost men of his time—an accomplished gentleman, a learned jurist, an eloquent advocate, Attorney-General of the United States, and a popular candidate for the Presidency. We promised, at that time, in some future number, to give his real name. It is WILLIAM WIRT, formerly Attorney-General of the United States.

A MYSTERIOUS RETRIBUTION.

A curious thing happened in Paris during the brief reign of Charles X. A woman, living in a small street, had an only son, in whom was centred all her earthly hope and pride. Left a poor widow while he was yet an infant, she had struggled hard to maintain herself and give him a respectable education; but she had succeeded, and at twenty he was a young man of fine promise, engaged as clerk in a large commercial house, and was well liked by his employers.

About this period he was despatched to different cities, towns and villages, on business for the firm; and his mission proving mutually satisfactory, he was subsequently employed as a regular travelling agent and correspondent, which kept him from home the greater part of the time.

Two years thus passed away, during which period young Charles Duval visited his mother about once in three months, spending a week or so at home at each return, and dividing his spare time between his nearest relative and one whom he hoped ere long to claim by the most sacred of human ties.

Mademoiselle Cecile Vernet was the only daughter of a widow whose husband had acquired a competency as an artisan; and besides the fact that Cecile herself was a lovely and accomplished girl, the marriage would prove advantageous to young Duval in a pecuniary point of view—though we must do him the justice to say that no mercenary consideration whatever had influenced him in his choice.

We must here state a fact, which is important in its bearing upon the strange revelation about to follow. When about six years of age, Charles Duval had been accidentally shot—the ball, from a pistol in the hands of a careless holder, passing through the centre of both cheeks and removing a couple of teeth. The wound proved to be more terrifying than dangerous, and readily healed, though leaving a small, disfiguring scar on either side of the face. These scars, as he grew up, the proud youth endeavored to conceal; and by means of some flesh-colored composition, prepared by a chemist expressly for the purpose, he so far succeeded as to pass unnoticed, not only by the general observer, but by some who subsequently had daily intercourse with him. After his beard began to grow, he managed to so train it over the two places that no stranger could have detected the blemishes without a close manual examination.

While away from home, Charles Duval corresponded regularly with his mother and his affianced, and the letters that passed back and forth formed a complete diary of everything that concerned the parties interested, down even to trifling details—so that a stranger, with the missives in his possession, might have soon become familiar with the general history and domestic affairs of both families.

At last, during one of Duval's intervals at home, it was arranged between him and Cecile that on his next return they should be married; and, lover like, both looked forward to the appointed time with joyous anticipations. The happy period, however, as viewed by them, was a great way off—for this time he was to be absent four months—and four months of separation, to ardent lovers, is little short of an age. Still they could write; and they would write—write every day, and tell each other everything—and they found some consolation in the thought that communication would be frequent between them, and that the thousand sweet things they would say to each other would have a more lasting form than mere oral words.

The parting, however, was a gloomy one, for Cecile said she felt a weight upon her heart that she could not remove, and Charles was more depressed than he wished to have appear.

"I do not know why it is," said Cecile, with a shudder, "but I cannot get rid of the impression that we now see each other for the last time!"

"Nonsense, my love!" returned Charles, with an assumed air of buoyancy; "a mere passing fancy! All will go well, believe me! and I shall return, full of joy, at the appointed time, to claim you as my bride. So mind, now, my darling—no other lovers during my absence!"

"Do you really believe, dear Charles, you will return at the end of the four long, tedious months?"

"Of course—why not?"

"I do not know why not, I am sure. I only know I have my fears. Ah, me! what a long, long time! I shall count the days, the hours and the minutes, and they will seem to stretch into ages."

But they will roll around just as quickly as if we were together, dearest; and how brief would seem the time, if our separation, instead of our meeting, were to come then!"

"Well, take care of yourself, my love, and do not fail to let me hear from you by every post, which will be my only consolation during your long absence. Farewell, my earthly hope, and the good God have you in His holy keeping!"

After his parting with Cecile, and as he was leaving the house, a large Newfoundland dog—a great favorite of its mistress—came up to Duval, rubbed its head against him, and, with a low whine, looked up sorrowfully into his face, saying, as plainly as a dog can speak:

"I know you are going a long journey, and I have come to bid you farewell also."

The young man stopped and caressed the sagacious brute for a minute, and then said, with a starting tear and a heavy heart:

"Adieu, my noble friend! Though brute and human, there is a common bond of affection between us. We both love one mistress, and will both be true to her till death!"

In his first letter to Cecile, Charles mentioned the apparently trifling incident concerning the dog, and in her reply she said the noble Fido had seemed unusually dejected ever since his absence. The real truth probably was, that the eyes of the mistress saw a sad change in every living thing after the departure of her lover, and she thoughtlessly inferred that the trusty animal in some degree partook of the same feelings as herself.

For the first two months of Charles Duval's absence every thing went as well as could be hoped. Nearly every available mail brought Cecile a letter from him, in which he replied to the last he had received from her, detailed a thousand little trifles connected with his business and himself, and thoroughly interlaced it with love and hope.

In the last letter received about this time, dated at Dijon, he said he was on the point of leaving for Besancon, to be absent a couple of weeks, when he should return to the former place and go thence to Lyons, and so continue southward, even as far as Marseilles.

After this there was a long interval of ten days before Cecile received another letter. This was dated at a small village between the two places first named, and, to her great disappointment and alarm, was unprecedentedly short, was written in a rather cramped hand, and stated, in the way of apology, that the writer had been quite ill, was somewhat better, and hoped to be well again in a few days.

Cecile, her mother, and the mother of Duval, were thrown into great tribulation at this unwelcome news; and for the next few days, during which no further intelligence was received from her lover, the fair girl gave herself up to the worst forebodings and scarcely ate or slept.

Then came another letter to Cecile from her affianced, containing the joyful announcement that he had nearly recovered, but looked somewhat altered, and that he had resolved to secretly return, marry her privately, and take her with him during the rest of his travels, or else throw up his situation as travelling agent for the firm. This, however, was to be kept a profound secret from every living soul except her mother and his.

All the parties, Cecile not excepted, thought this a rather singular change from the usual straight-forward course of Charles Duval, and all were anxious to see him and hear his explanation—not doubting, however, that he had sufficient cause for what he was about to do.

The second night after the reception of the letter alluded to, Madame Duval was aroused by a knock at her door, and a minute later her heart beat joyfully in the embrace of her son. He was altered a little, as she could see, but not more than she had expected to find him. He had a ready explanation for the change in his plans, and she was disposed to be satisfied with whatever he, who still possessed her unbounded love and confidence, might think for the best. As he did not wish to see his employers till after an interview with Cecile, he cautioned his mother not to make his return known to any, and he would remain concealed through the day, and visit his affianced at night.

Accordingly, on the following night, at an early hour, he repaired to the dwelling of Madame Vernet, and his meeting with Cecile was of the nature to be expected under the circumstances. She was a good deal excited, seemed hardly willing to credit her senses that he was really back again, safe and unharmed, and fairly cried for joy. When at length she had become somewhat composed, they sat down together, and he said:

"You see, my darling, you are a false prophetess! you predicted that I would never return to claim you, and here I am."

"And I can hardly realize it is you now, dear Charles! You look nearly the same, but you seem so different, somehow, and there is a marked change in your voice."

"All owing to the fever I had, dearest, and the slight affection of the throat, which I have still."

Cecile shuddered—a strange, cold, enervating shudder, like that which sometimes precedes a fearful malady. She somehow felt as if she must shrink back from the man before her—the man to whom she had pledged her heart and hand—if he were guilty of some awful crime, that was now secretly impressing its wickedness upon her spirit through a contact with his. She strove to overcome this sudden repugnance; but the secret horror increased, till her face grew white, her eyes glared, and her whole form trembled. A sudden suspicion that she might be going mad herself, filled her with such terror that she started to her feet and uttered a wild shriek.

"Gracious God! what is it? what is the matter with you?" cried the young man, also springing to his feet and turning white with alarm.

At the scream of her daughter, Madame Vernet, who was in an adjoining apartment, hastily threw open the door and demanded the cause; but ere any one had time to reply, the dog Fido rushed past her, with a something between a howl and yell, flew directly at the throat of Charles Duval, fastened his teeth there, and bore him to the ground. With fresh shrieks of terror at the peril of their friend and guest, both ladies now made frantic efforts to beat off the brute, which was fast strangling the life out of the fallen man. The servants, too, alarmed at the uproar, came hurrying in, and joined their efforts with the others. The hitherto peaceable dog was at length torn away from his victim by main force, but not till the latter was black in the face, breathless and pulseless.

A physician was sent for in great haste. Only a few minutes elapsed ere one was present, who, after hurriedly trying every known means of restoration, pronounced the patient *dead!* Let fancy paint the wild scene of grief and excitement that followed this terrible announcement—our pen would fail to do it justice!

A commissary of police was next sent for, to whom the physician communicated a startling fact he had discovered, but had not yet revealed to any other, *that the corpse had upon it the brand of a galley-slave!*

After this the truth came to light—some of it rapidly, some slowly—*that the corpse was not that of Charles Duval, but of his murderer!*

It was supposed that, after killing the unfortunate young man, and getting possession of his money, papers and correspondence, and discovering a remarkable resemblance between the two, the villain had conceived the idea of passing himself off as the lover, probably for the purpose of more effectually screening himself from justice and getting possession of the property of Cecile. The detailed correspondence, which we have mentioned, gave him a thorough knowledge of all the parties; and by putting on the dress of his victim, procuring a wig and false whiskers, in close imitation of the hair and whiskers of the deceased, announcing his return, in a well counterfeited hand, after a short, severe illness, which might account for the want of a perfect resemblance to the party represented, and finally by appearing in the night, when he could not be so closely scrutinized as in the broad light of day, he so far succeeded in his deception as we have made known. If any proof had been wanting that the corpse under examination was not that of Charles Duval, the absence of the bullet scars on the cheeks would have been sufficient to convince the most skeptical.

Madame Duval did not long survive her son, and Mademoiselle Vernet never fully recovered from the shock which her nervous system received through the tragic end of her hopes. The awful death of the murderer, through the apparent instinct of a canine quadruped, was one of those mysterious retributions of Providence that we are disposed to leave without speculation or comment.

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ETIQUETTE OF PUBLIC PLACES.

Among all the books on etiquette that have been written, I have found none upon behavior in public assemblies or entertainments. How loud may a person talk, or laugh, or both, to the discomfort of elbow-neighbors, and yet hold on to the title of "lady," or "gentleman." How much "perfume" may a "lady" stifle the public with, for her own pleasure, or to advertise some new nasal article of some new vender. How much dead tobacco smoke may a "gentleman" introduce in his whiskers or clothes to poison the air, for those who are naturally interested in their own breathing apparatus. How long may an impatient lady or gentleman drum with feet or fingers on the back of one's seat, before other performances begin. How slippery may a "*gentleman*" make the floor beneath one's feet by constant expectorations; &c., &c., &c. Any person who will arrange some code of manners on this subject, which shall compel the expulsion of offenders from decent society, will be entitled to the thanks of that long suffering portion of the human race who are fond of cleanliness, pure air, and an opportunity to listen to that which they have paid the usual fee for hearing.

FANNY FERN.

SIXTEEN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Suppose your hand with power supplied—
Say, would you slip it 'neath my hair,
And turn it to the golden side
Of sixteen years? Suppose you dare?

And I stood here with smiling mouth,
Red cheeks, and hands all softly white,
Exceeding beautiful with youth,
And that some sly, consenting sprite,

Brought dreams as bright as dreams can be,
To keep the shadows from my brow,
And plucked down hearts to pleasure me,
As you would roses from a bough;

What could I do then? idly wear—
While all my mates went on before;
The bashful looks and golden hair
Of sixteen years, and nothing more!

Nay, done with youth is my desire,
To time I give no false abuse,
Experience is the marvelous fire
That welds our knowledge into use:

And all its fires of heart, or brain,
Where purpose into power was wrought,
I'd bear, and gladly bear again,
Rather than be put back one thought.

So sigh no more, my gentle friend,
That I have reached the time of day
When white hairs come, and heart-beats send
No blushes through the cheeks astray.

For, could you mould my destiny
As clay within your loving hand,
I'd leave my youth's sweet company,
And suffer back to where I stand.

* * *

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER CXIII.

THE FATE OF THE VISCOUNT.

Oh, vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good.
Reason awakes and views unbarred
The sacred gates she wished to guard,
Sees approach the harpie law,
And Nemesis beholds with awe,
Ready to seize the poor remains
That vice has left of all his gains.
Cold penitence, lame after-thought,
With fear, despair and horror fraught,
Call back the guilty pleasures dead,
Whom he has robbed and whom betrayed!
BISHOP HOADLEY.

When the carriage containing the prisoners reached the gaol, they were taken out to be conducted to the warden's office.

The Viscount, who was in a mood of suppressed fury, was attended by Policeman McRae and followed by old Cuthbert, broken-hearted by the dishonor of his master.

Faustina, who had raged herself into a state of exhaustion and consequently of quietude, was attended by Policeman Christie and supported by Mrs. MacDonald, who tenderly soothed and flattered her.

It was a busy day in the warden's office, and the warden had but little time to bestow on these interesting prisoners.

"And sae they ha'e committed ye for trial, me laird, mair's the pity; and the puir lassie too; me heart is sair for her," said Auld Saundie Grahame, as they were led up to his desk to have their names re-entered upon the prison-books.

"It was a most unwarrantable [illegible] monstrous abuse of office! an outrage that should be punished by immediate impeachment!" burst forth the Viscount, in a fury.

"As to that, me laird, I ha'e never yet seen the prisoner enter these wa's wi' ony verra great esteem for the authorities that sent him here," dryly replied "Auld Saundie."

Then turning to an under-warden, he said:

"Ye'll convey the prisoners back to the cells occupied by them before."

And Faustina was carried back to the woman's ward, followed by the sympathizing Mrs. MacDonald, who promised to remain with her until the hour of closing up.

And the Viscount, attended by Cuthbert, was conducted to his corner cell, there to abide until the day of trial.

Old Cuthbert remained with his master until he was summoned to drive Mrs. MacDonald back to the castle.

Several days passed. Every morning Mrs. MacDonald, driven by Cuthbert in the family carriage, came to town, to spend the day in the cell with Faustina, while Cuthbert remained in attendance upon the Viscount. And every evening she returned to the castle.

The Earl of Hurstmonceaux did not come. But news at length came of him. His bankers wrote that he was out on his yacht, his exact latitude being unknown.

Lord Vincent, now that he was fully committed for trial, really did not seem to be anxious for his father's return. Perhaps he would rather not have met the Earl, under present circumstances. He held daily consultations with his counsel. These were entirely confidential. Being assured by Mr. Bruce that it was essentially necessary the counsel should be in possession of all the facts, the prisoner made a tolerably clean breast of it, at least so far as the abduction of the negroes was concerned; he exercised some little reticence in the matters of his relations with Faustina and his conspiracy against Lady Vincent.

Mr. Bruce of course put the fairest construction upon everything; but still he could not help feeling the darkest misgivings as to the result of the approaching trial. And the Viscount, rendered keenly observant by intense anxiety, detected these doubts in the mind of his counsel, and became daily more despairing.

He looked forward to the dishonor of a public trial with burning indignation; to the possible, nay probable conviction and sentence that might follow with shrinking dread, and to the execution of that sentence with stony horror.

PENAL SERVITUDE! Great Heaven! penal servitude for him, so high-born, so fastidious, so luxurious in all his habits! Penal servitude for him, the Viscount Vincent!

He had often made one of a party of sightseers, visiting the prisons, the hulks and quarries, where the prisoners were confined at work. He had seen them in the coarse prison-garb, working in chains, under the broiling sun of summer, and under the bitter cold of winter. He had seen them at their loathsome meals, and in their stifling sleeping pens. He had gazed upon them with eyes of haughty, cold, unsympathizing curiosity. To him and his friends they formed but a spectacle of interest or amusement, like a drama.

And now, to think that he might, nay, probably would, soon make one of their shameful number!

The Viscount Vincent working in chains! Gazed at by his former companions! Pointed out to curious strangers!

That was the appalling picture forever present to his imagination!

How bitterly he deplored the crimes that had exposed him to this fate! How deeply he cursed the syren whose fatal beauty had lured him to sin! How passionately he longed for death, as the only deliverance from the memory of the past, the terrors of the present, the horrors of the future.

Day and night that appalling future stared him in the face!

Day and night the picture of himself working in chains, pointed out, stared at, was before his mind's eyes.

By day it obtruded between him and the face of any visiter that might be with him. Even when in consultation with his counsel his mind would wander from the subject in hand, and his imagination would be drawn away to the contemplation of that dread picture!

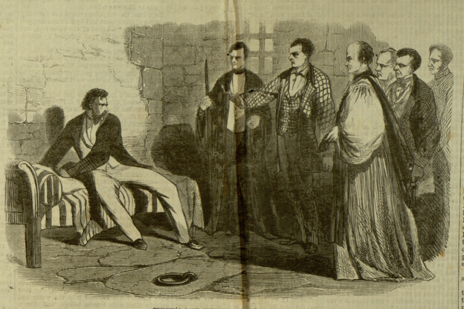
By night it would rise up in the darkness and nearly drive him mad!

He could not eat, he could not sleep. He passed his days in pacing to and fro in his narrow cell, and his nights in tossing about upon his restless bed. His sufferings were pitiable, and his worst enemy must have felt sorry for him.

His condition moved the compassion of the warden, and every indulgence that was in the power of old Saundie to bestow was granted to him. And as he was not yet absolutely convicted, but only waiting his trial, these indulgences were considerable. Old Cuthbert was allowed to visit him freely during the day, and to bring him anything in the way of food, drink, clothing, books, stationery, etc., that he required. And very little supervision was exercised over these matters.

Meantime as the Assizes were sitting, and the docket was not very full, it was thought that the trial would soon come on.

On the Wednesday following the committal of the Viscount, the trial of the murderer Frisbie, which stood before that of his master on the docket, *did* come on. The detective police had been busy during the interval between Frisbie's arrest and arraignment, and they had succeeded in collecting a mass of evidence and a number of witnesses, besides old Katy.



FRISBIE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE VISCOUNT.

Frisbie, however, was defended by the best counsel that mere money could procure. There are many among the best lawyers who will not take up a bad cause at any price. But Frisbie, as I said, had the best among the unscrupulous that money could buy. His master of course paid the fees. His counsel very gratitously instructed him to plead "Not Guilty," and of course he did plead "Not Guilty." And his counsel did the best thing they could to establish his innocence. But the evidence against him was conclusive. And on the morning of the second day of his trial, Frisbie was found guilty and sentenced to death. But a short period between sentence and execution was then allowed in Scotland. The execution of Frisbie was fixed for the Monday following his conviction.

From the hour that Frisbie had been brought to trial, the Viscount had experienced the most vehement accession of anxiety. He re[illegible] floor of his cell all night. And well he might! for he knew that on that trial revelations would be made under oath that would not tend to whiten Lord Vincent's character.

On Thursday noon Mr. Bruce entered his cell.

"Is the trial——" began the Viscount; but he could not get on; his intense emotion choked him.

"The trial is over; the jury brought in their verdict half an hour ago," replied the counsel, gravely.

"And Frisbie is—— For Heaven's sake, speak!" gasped the Viscount.

"Frisbie is convicted!" said the lawyer.

Lord Vincent, pale before, turned paler still as he sank into the chair, and gazed upon the lawyer, who was greatly wondering at the excessive emotion of his client.

"When is the execution fixed to take place?"

"On Monday, of course."

"Is there—can there be any hope of a pardon for him?"

"Not the shadow of a shade of hope!"

"Or—of a commutation of his sentence?"

"It is madness to think of it!"

"Is there no chance of a respite?"

"I tell you it is madness, and worse than madness, to imagine such a thing as a pardon, a commutation, or even a respite for that wretch! The crime brought home to him was one of the darkest dye—the base assassination of the girl that loved and trusted and was true to him! To fancy any mercy possible for that miscreant, except it be the infinite, all-embracing, all-pardoning mercy of God, is simply phrenzy!"

"And the execution is to take place on Monday! The time is very short!" said the Viscount, falling into a reverie.

The lawyer began to speak of the Viscount's own affairs; he mentioned several circumstances connected with the Viscount's case that had become known to himself only through the testimony of certain witnesses on Frisbie's trial, and he wished to consult the Viscount upon them.

But Lord Vincent seemed to act very strangely; he was absent-minded, stupid, distracted—in fact altogether unfit for consultation with his counsel.

And so, after a few unsuccessful attempts to rouse him, gain his attention and fix it upon the subject at issue, the lawyer arose, said that he would call again the next morning, and bowed and left the cell.

The shame the Viscount suffered was in the knowledge of the dishonorable facts relating to himself that had been brought to light on Frisbie's trial; the great dread he felt was that Frisbie, at the near approach of death, would open his heart and make a full confession; and his horrible certainty was that such a confession was all that was wanted to ensure his own conviction!

Again on this Thursday night he could not sleep, but paced the narrow limits of his cell the whole night through, in unutterable agony of mind. Never was the appalling vision of himself in the shameful prison garb, working in chains, pointed out as an interesting object and gazed at by curious strangers, so awfully vivid as upon this night.

The next morning, when his old servant Cuthbert entered the cell as usual, he was frightened at his master's dreadful looks.

"Will I call a doctor to your lairdship?" inquired the old man.

"No, Cuthbert; I am not ill. I am only suffering for want of rest. I have not been able to sleep since Frisbie's arraignment. He is convicted, you know."

"Ay, me laird, I ken a' anent it! My brither Randy was on the jury, and he tauld me it a' ower a pot o' ale in the tap-room o' the 'Highlander,' where I was resting while my horses fed," said the old man, gravely.

A dark, crimson flush overspread the face of the Viscount! Cuthbert had heard all about it! Cuthbert had heard, then, those disgraceful revelations concerning himself. He need not have blushed before Cuthbert. That loyal-hearted old servant could not have been brought to believe such evil of his beloved young master, as all that came to. And his next words proved this.

"There must 'a' been a deal o' fause swearing, my laird," he said.

The Viscount looked up and caught at the words.

"Yes, Cuthbert, a great deal of false swearing, indeed, as far as I am concerned, in that testimony."

"Ay, me laird! I tauld 'em so in the taproom. There was a whe[illegible] collected [illegible] the business o' their betters, and they were a' unco' free in their comment. But when they mentioned your lairdship's name in connection wi' sic infamy, I tauld them weel that they were pack o' fause knaves to believe sic lees."

"Yes. The execution is to take place on Monday morning, Cuthbert."

"Ay, me laird! I hope the puir, sinfu' lad will mak' guid use o' the short time left him and repent o' a' his misdeeds, and seek his peace wi' his Maker," said the old man, solemnly.

The Viscount heaved a heavy sigh! a sigh that seemed laden with a weight of agony.

"Cuthbert," he said, "you know that I may not go to see the condemned man, being a prisoner myself; but you, being his fellow-servant, and at liberty, may be permitted to do so. I wish to charge you with a note to deliver to him; but you must deliver it secretly, Cuthbert! secretly, mind you!"

"Yes, me laird."

The Viscount sat down to his little table, and wrote the following note:

"FRISBIE—While there is life, there is hope; therefore make no confession; for if you make that confession will destroy your last possibility of pardon or commutation.
VINCENT."

He folded and sealed this note and delivered it to Cuthbert, saying:

"Conceal it somewhere about your person, and go to the warden's office and ask leave to see your old fellow-servant, and no doubt you will get it. And when you see him deliver this note secretly, as I told you."

"Verra weel, my laird," said the old man, going and knocking on the door of the cell to be let out.

The turnkey opened the door, released him, and locked it again.

And the Viscount, left alone, paced up and down the floor in unutterable distress of mind.

An hour passed and then Cuthbert re-entered the cell, wearing a frightened visage.

"Well, Cuthbert! well! did you find an opportunity of delivering the note?"

"Yes, me laird, I did," said the old man, hesitatingly.

"Secretly?"

"Y-yes, me laird!"

The Viscount looked relieved of a great fear. He saw the great disturbance of his servant's face; but ascribed it to the effect of his interview with the condemned man, and sympathy for his awful position, and he inquired:

"How did Frisbie look, Cuthbert?"

"Like a ghaist; na less! pale as deeth; trembling like a leaf about to fa'! and waefully distraught in his mind!"

"Did he get an opportunity of reading my note, while you were with him?"

"Oh, me laird, I maun just tell you! I hope there wasna ony great secret in that same note."

The Viscount started and stared wildly at the speaker; but then everything alarmed Lord Vincent now.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, me laird! I watched my opportunity, and I gi'e him the note in secresy, as your lairdship tauld me; and I stooped and whispered til him in his lugs to keep the note till he was his lane, and read it then. But the doitted fule, gude forgi'e me, didna seem to compreheend; but was loike ane dazed. He just lookit at me and then proceeded to open the note before my face. Whereupon the turnkey lad takit it out fra his hand, saying that the prisoner being a condemned man, maunna receive ony faulded paper, that hadna passit under the observation of the governor, because sic faulded packets might contain strichnine or other subtle poison. And sae he he took possession o' your note, me laird, before the prisoner could read a word of it; and said he maun carry it to the governor, whilk I suppose he did!"

To see the consternation of the Viscount was dreadful.

"Oh, Cuthbert, Cuthbert, the cowardice of that miserable wretch will ruin me!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"Ou, me laird, dinna rail at the puir sinfu' soul for cowardice. Sure mesel' would be a coward gin I had the waefu' woodie before my ees. 'Deed, me laird, and me heart is sair for the mischance o' the note."

"It cannot be mended now, Cuthbert."

The time was drawing near for the closing of the prison doors, and the old man took a dutiful leave of his master and departed.

On his way down stairs he was called into the warden's office, and when there he was severely reprimanded for conveying letters to the convict, and forbidden under pain of punishment to repeat the offence. The old man bore the rebuke very patiently, and at the lecture that was [illegible] his leave.

This night the Viscount, exhausted by long vigilance and fasting and by intense anxiety, threw himself upon his bed and slept for a few hours. The next morning, Saturday, in his restless trouble he arose early. And in the course of the day he questioned every one who came into his cell concerning the state of mind of the condemned man.

Some could give him no news at all; others could tell him something; but they differed in their accounts of Frisbie—one saying that he had asked for the prison chaplain, who had gone in to him; a second that he was very contrite; a third that he was only terribly frightened; a fourth that he was firm as a rock, declined to confess his guilt and persisted in declaring his innocence.

The Viscount tried to believe the last statement.

The miserable day passed without bringing anything more satisfactory to Lord Vincent. And the night that followed was a sleepless one to him.

Sunday came; the last day of life that was left to the wretched valet. On Sunday it was obligatory on all the prisoners confined in that gaol to attend Divine Service in the prison chapel. They had no choice in this matter; unless they were confined to their beds by illness they were obliged to go.

On this particular Sunday no prisoner felt disposed to place himself on the sick list. Quite the contrary. For, on the other hand, many prisoners who were really ill, in the infirmary, declared themselves well enough to get up and go to chapel.

The reason of their sudden zeal in the performance of their religious duties was simply this:—The "condemned sermon," as it was called, was to be preached that day. And the condemned man, who was to be executed in the morning, was to be present under guard. And people generally have a morbid curiosity to gaze upon a man who is doomed to death.

Lord Vincent was ill enough to be exempt from the duty of appearing in the chapel, and haughty enough to recoil from mixing publicly with his fellow-prisoners; but he was intensely anxious to see Frisbie and judge for himself, from the man's appearance, whether he seemed likely to make a confession.

And so, when the turnkey whose duty it was to attend to this ward came around to unlock the doors and marshal the prisoners in order to march them to chapel, Lord Vincent, without demur, fell into rank and went with them.

The chapel was small, and the prisoners present on this day filled it full. The set to which Lord Vincent belonged were marched in among the last. Consequently they sat at the lower end of the chapel.

Lord Vincent's height enabled him to look over the heads of most persons present. And he looked around for Frisbie. At length he found him.

The condemned pew was immediately before the pulpit, facing the preacher. In it sat Frisbie, unfettered, but guarded by two turnkeys, one of whom sat on each side of him. But Frisbie's back was towards Lord Vincent, and so the Viscount could not possibly get a glimpse of the expression of his face.

He next looked to see if he could find the selfish vixen who had lured him to his ruin, and whom he now hated with all the power of hatred latent in his soul. But a partition eight feet high, running nearly the whole length of the chapel and stopping only within a few feet of the pulpit, separated the women's from the men's side of the church, so that even if she had been present he could not have seen her.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

Such was the text from which the sermon was preached to the prisoners that day.

But the Viscount heard scarcely one word of it. Intensely absorbed in his own reflections, he paid no attention to the services. At their close he bent his eyes again upon the form of Frisbie.

His perseverance was rewarded. As the prisoners arose to leave the chapel, Frisbie also arose and turned around. And the Viscount got a full view of his face—a pale, wild, despairing face.

"He is desperately frightened if he is not penitent! That is the face of a man who, in the forlorn hope of saving his life, will deny his guilt until the rope is around his neck, and then, in the forlorn hope of saving his soul, confess his crime under the gallows," said the Visconnt to himself, as he was marched back to his cell.

In that the Viscount wronged Frisbie. The great adversary himself is said to be not so black as he is painted.

That same night, that last solemn night of the criminal's life, the prison chaplain staid with the wretched man. Mr. Godfree was a fervent Christian; one whose faith could move mountains; one who would never abandon a soul, however sinful, to sink into perdition while that soul remained in its mortal tenement. Such men seem to have a Christ-conferred power to save to the uttermost.

He kept close to Frisbie; he would not permit himself to be discouraged by the sinfulness, the cowardice and the utter baseness of the poor wretch. He pitied him; talked to him; prayed with him.

With all his deep criminality, Frisbie was certainly not hardened. He listened to the exhortations of the chaplain, he wept bitterly, and joined in the prayers.

And in the silence of that night he made a full confession to the chaplain, with the request that it might be made public the next day.

He confessed to the murder of Ailsie Dunbar; but he denied that the crime had been premeditated, as it had been made to appear at the trial. He killed her in a fit of passion, he said; and he had never known an hour's peace since. Remorse for the crime and terror for its consequences had made his life wretched. His master, Lord Vincent, he said, had been an eye-witness to the murder; but had withheld himself from denouncing him, because he wanted to use the power he had thus obtained to compel him to enter a conspiracy against Lady Vincent.

And here followed a full account of the plot and its execution.

Frisbie went on to say that nothing but the terrors of death induced him to become a party to that base conspiracy against the honor of a noble lady, and that he had suffered almost as much remorse for his crimes against Lady Vincent as for his murder of Ailsie Dunbar.

All this Mr. Godfree took down in shorthand from the lips of the conscience-stricken man.

And then, as Frisbie expressed the desire to spend the remainder of the night in devotion, Mr. Godfree decided to remain with him. He read aloud to the convict portions of scripture suited to his sad case; he prayed fervently with him for the pardon of his sins; and he sang a consoling hymn.

Oh, strangely sounded that sacred song arising in the deep silence of the condemned cell. So the night passed there.

But how did it pass in the Viscount's cell? Sleeplessly, anxiously, wretchedly, until long after midnight, when he fell asleep. He was awakened by a sound of sawing, dragging and [illegible] and effectually banished slumber from his weary eyes.

What could they be doing at that unusual hour? he asked himself. And he crept from his bed and peeped through the grated window. But the night was overclouded and deeply dark with that darkness that precedes the dawn. He could see nothing, but he could hear the sound of voices amid the noise of work; though the words, at the distance his window was from the ground, were inaudible.

He lay down again no wiser than he had risen up. After an hour or two the noise ceased, and he dropped into that sleep of prostration that more resembles worn out nature's swooning than healthy slumber.

CHAPTER CXIV.

THE EXECUTION.

What shall he be, ere night?—Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing. BYRON.

It was broad daylight when the Viscount was again awakened, and this time by the solemn tolling of the prison bell.

He sprang out of bed and looked out of the window and recoiled in horror.

There in the angle of the prison yard stood the gallows, grimly painted black. *That* was what the carpenters had been at work on all night.

And the tolling of the prison bell warned him that the last hour of the condemned man had come! that he was even now leaving his cell for the gallows.

Lord Vincent staggered back and fell upon his bed. In the fate of Frisbie he seemed to feel a forewarning of the certain retribution that was lying in wait for himself.

There came a sound of footsteps along the passage. They paused before his cell. Some one unlocked the door. And, to the Viscount's astonishment, the procession that was on its way to the gallows entered his presence. There was Frisbie, still unbound, but guarded by half-a-dozen policemen and turnkeys, and attended by the under-sheriff of the county, and the warden and the chaplain of the prison.

Lord Vincent stared in astonishment, wondering what brought them there; but he found no words in which to put the question.

The chaplain constituted himself the spokesman of the party.

"My lord, this unhappy man wishes to see you before he dies; and the sheriff has kindly accorded him the privilege," said Mr. Godfree.

Lord Vincent looked from the chaplain to the prisoner in perplexity and terror. What could the condemned man, in the last hour of his life, want with him?

Frisbie spoke.

"My lord, I am a dying man; but I could not meet death with guilty secrets on my soul. My lord, I have told everything, the whole truth about the death of poor Ailsie, and the plot against my lady. I could not help it, my lord! I could not leave the world with such wrong, unrighted, behind me! I could not so face my Creator. I have come to tell you this, my lord, and to ask you to forgive me if, in doing this, I have been compelled to do you harm," said the man, speaking humbly, deprecatingly, almost affectionately.

"God forgive you, Frisbie! but you have ruined me!" was the somewhat strange reply of the Viscount, as he turned away; for it seemed to those who heard him that he was asking the Lord to forgive the sinner, not for his sins, but for his confession of them.

The procession of death left the cell; the door was locked; and the Viscount was alone again—alone and in utter, irremediable despair.

He sat upon the side of the bed, with his hands clasped and his chin dropped upon his breast until the bell of the prison chapel suddenly ceased to toll! Then he looked up. It was all over! The judicial tragedy had been en-acted! And he arose and went to the grated window and looked out.

No! oh, Heaven! it was *not* all over! That group around the foot of the gallows! that cart and empty coffin! that shrouded and bound figure, convulsed and swaying in the air!—blasted his sight! With a loud cry he dashed his hand up to his eyes to shut out the horrible vision, and fell heavily upon the floor. He lay there as one dead until the turnkey brought his breakfast. Then he got up and threw himself upon the bed. He eagerly drank the coffee that was brought to him, for his throat was parched and burning; but he could not swallow a mouthful of solid food.

"Bring me the afternoon paper as soon as it is out," he said to the turnkey, at the same time handing him a half crown.

The man bowed in silence and took his breakfast tray from the table and withdrew.

For some reason or other, perhaps from the fear of coming in contact with the preparations for the execution, Mrs. MacDonald did not present herself at the prison until nearly noon. So that the prison clock was actually on the stroke of twelve when Old Cuthbert was admitted to his master's cell.

On entering and beholding his master, the old man started and exclaimed in affright:

"Gude guide us, me laird, what has come over ye?"

"Nothing, Cuthbert, but want of rest. What is that you have in your hand?"

"The evening paper, me laird, that ane o' the lads gi'e me to bring your lairdship."

"Have you looked at it?" demanded the Viscount, anxiously, for he could not bear the idea of his old servant's reading the confession of Frisbie, that was probably in that very paper. "Have you looked at it, I ask you?" he repeated, fiercely.

"Nay, no, me laird! I hanna e'en unfaulded it!" said the old man, simply, handing the paper.

The Viscount seized it, threw himself down on the chair and opened it; but instead of reading the paper he looked up at Old Cuthbert, who was standing there watching his master with the deepest concern expressed in his venerable countenance.

"There! get about something! do anything! only don't stand there and stare at me, as if you had gone daft!" angrily exclaimed Lord Vincent.

The old man turned meekly and began to put things straight in the cell.

The Viscount searched and found what he had feared to see. Ah! well might he dread the eye of Old Cuthbert on him while he read those columns.

Yes! there it was! the account of the last hours of Alick Frisbie by the pen of the chaplain! the night in the cell, the scene of the execution, and, last of all, the confession of the culprit with all its shameful revelations! The Viscount, with a feverish desire to see how deeply he himself was implicated, and to know the worst at once, read it all. How far he was implicated indeed! He was steeped to the very lips in infamy.

Why, the crime for which Frisbie had suffered death, the murder of that poor girl, committed in a paroxysm of passion, and repented in bitterness, and confessed in humility, seemed a light offence beside the deep turpitude, the black treachery of that long-premeditated, carefully-arranged plot against Lady Vincent in which the Viscount was the principal and the valet only an accomplice. The plot was revealed in [illegible] loathsome, revolting details. The reader knows what [illegible]; he has both seen them and heard of them. But can he imagine what it was to the Viscount to have them discovered, published and circulated?

When Lord Vincent had read this confession through, he knew that all was forever over with him! he knew that at that very hour hundreds of people were reading that confession, shuddering at his guilt, scorning his baseness, and anticipating his conviction! he knew as well as if he had just heard the sentence of the court, what that sentence would be. Penal servitude for life!

Deep groans burst from his bosom.

"Me laird, me laird, you are surely ill!" said the old man, anxiously, coming forward.

"Yes, Cuthbert, I am ill! in pain!"

"Will I call a doctor?"

"No, Cuthbert! a doctor is not necessary; but attend to me a moment. They let you bring me anything you like unquestioned, do they not?"

"Ay, surely, me laird! for you are no under condemnation yet; but only waiting for your honorable acquittal."

"Cuthbert! I think you have a brother who is a chemist in town, have you not?"

"Ou, ay, me laird! Joost Randy, honest man."

The Viscount sat down and wrote a line on a scrap of paper and gave it to the old man.

"Now, Cuthbert, take this to your brother. Be sure that you let no one see that bit of paper, and when you get the medicine that I have written for, put it in your bosom and don't take it out until you come back to me and we are alone. Now, Cuthbert, I hope you will be more canny over this affair than you were over the affair of the note I sent to Frisbie, which you permitted to fall into the hands of Philistines."

"Ah, puir Frisbie! puir lad! Gude hae mercy on him! I'll be carefu', me laird; though it was no me, but puir Frisbie himsel' that let the bit note drap! But I'll be carefu', me laird, though 'deed I dinna see the use o' concealment, sin' naebody ever interferes wi' onything I am bringing till your lairdship."

"But they might interfere with this because it is medicine; for they might think that no one but the prison doctor has a right to give medicine here."

"Ou, ay—I comprehend, me laird, that sic might be the case where the medicament is dangerous. But will this be dangerous?"

"Why, no! it is nothing but simple laudanum. You know how good laudanum is to allay pain; and that there is no danger at all in it!"

"No, me laird, gin ane doesna tak' an ower muckle dose."

"Certainly, if one does not take an overdose; but I have knowledge enough not to do that, Cuthbert."

"Surely, me laird. I'll gae noo and get it," replied the old man, taking up his hat, and knocking at the door to be released.

The turnkey opened promptly, and Cuthbert departed on his errand.

When the Viscount was left alone, he resumed his restless pacing up and down the narrow limits of his cell and continued it for awhile. Then he sat down to his little table, drew a sheet of paper before him, and began to write a letter.

He was interrupted by the unlocking of his cell door. Hastily he turned the paper with the blank side up and looked around. It was Mr. Bruce, his counsel.

The lawyer looked unusually grave.

"Well," he said, as soon as he was left alone with his client—"the poor devil Frisbie is gone!"

"Yes," responded the Viscount, in a low voice.

"That is an ugly business of the confession."

"Very; the man was mad!" said the Viscount.

"Not unlikely; but I wish we may be able to pursuade the jury that he was so; or else induce the judges to rule his evidence out altogether."

"Can that be done? I mean can the judges be induced to rule out the confession as evidence?" inquired the Viscount, sudden hope lighting up his hitherto dejected countenance.

"I fear not; I fear that our chance is to persuade the jury that the man was insane or mendacious—in a word, to impeach his rationality or his truthfulness, one or the other; we must decide which stand we are to take, which call call in question."

"You might doubt either his sanity or his truth with equally good cause. He was always a fool and always a liar! When is the trial to come on?"

"That is just what I came to speak to you about. It is called for to-morrow at ten."

"To-morrow at ten?"

"Yes."

"Are you quite ready with the defence?"

"I was until this nasty business of Frisbie's confession turned up. I shall have to take a copy of the paper containing it home with me to-night, and study it, to see how I can pull it to pieces, and destroy its effects upon the jury. Have you got it here?" said Mr. Bruce, taking up the afternoon paper that lay upon the table.

"Yes."

"Have you done with it?"

"Yes."

The lawyer folded up the paper and put it in his pocket, and took his hat to depart.

"Mr. Bruce," said the Viscount, earnestly, "I am about to ask you a question, which I must entreat you to answer truthfully—What are the chances of my acquittal?"

The lawyer hesitated and changed color.

The eyes of the Viscount were fixed earnestly upon him.

The eyes of the counsel fell.

"I see! you need not reply to my question. You think my chance a bad one," said Lord Vincent, despondently.

"No, my lord; I did not mean to give you any such impression," said Mr. Bruce, recovering himself and his professional manners. "Before this troublesome confession of Frisbie's your chance was an excellent one——"

"But since?"

"Well, as I say, that is an ugly feature in the case; but I will do my best. And to say nothing of my own poor abilities, my colleagues, Stair and Drummond, are among the most successful barristers in the kingdom. They are always safe to gain a verdict where there is a verdict possible to be gained."

"Yes; I know that I have the best talent in the three kingdoms engaged in my defence," said the Viscount; but he said it with a profound sigh.

"I will look in upon you again early to-morrow morning, before we go into court," said Mr. Bruce, as he bowed himself out.

This interview with his counsel had only tended to confirm the fears of the Viscount and deepen his despondency, for notwithstanding the guarded words of the lawyer, Lord Vincent saw that he had well nigh given up all for lost. With a deep groan he sat down to the table and resumed the writing of his letter. He had not written many minutes before he was again startled by the opening of the door. He hastily concealed his writing under a piece of blotting paper, and nervously turned to see who was the new intruder.

It was old Cuthbert, come back from his errand.

As soon as the door was closed upon them, the old man approached his master.

"Have you got the medicine, Cuthbert?"

"Ay, me laird," replied the servant, taking a bottle, rolled in a white paper, from his pocket, and handing it to his master.

Some instinct made the Viscount conceal the bottle in his own bosom.

"And here, me laird, are two letters the turnkey gave me to hand to your lairdship. He tauld me they had just been left at the warden's office for you," said Cuthbert, laying two formidable looking epistles before his master.

Lord Vincent recognized in the superscription of the respective letters the handwriting of his counsel, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Stair. He hastily opened them one after the other. Several banknotes for a large amount rolled out of each. Surprised, he rapidly cast his eyes over each in turn. And his face turned to a deadly whiteness. The two letters were in effect the same. It seemed as though the writers, though not in partnership, had acted in concert on this occasion. They each respectfully begged leave to return their retaining fees and retire from the defence of the Viscount. Since reading the confession of the convict Aleck Frisbie, they could not conscientiously act as counsel for Lord Vincent. Such was the purport, if not the exact words of the two letters.

"Me laird! me laird! ye are ill again!" said old Cuthbert, anxiously approaching his master.

"Yes! the pain has returned."

"Will ye no tak' some o' the medicine noo?"

"No, Cuthbert! not until I retire for the night!" answered the Viscount; but he withdrew the bottle from his bosom, and took it to the wash basin and washed off the label and then threw it—the label—into the fire.

Cuthbert watched him, and wondered at this proceeding, but was too respectful to express surprise or make inquiries.

And at this moment the turnkey entered with Lord Vincent's supper, that had been brought from the "Highlander;" and while he arranged it on the table, he warned Cuthbert that the prison doors were about to be closed for the night and that Mrs. MacDonald was waiting for him to drive her back to the castle.

Upon hearing this the old man took a respectful leave of his master and departed.

The turnkey remained in attendance upon the prisoner, kindly pressing him to eat.

But Lord Vincent swallowed only a little tea, and then pushed the food from him.

The turnkey took away the service, locked the prisoner in for the night and then went straight to the warden's office.

"Weel, Donald, what is it mon?" inquired the warden.

"An ye please sir, I'm no easy in my mind about me Laird Vincent," said the turnkey.

"Why what ails me laird?"

"Why sir, he is joost like ane distraught!"

"Ou, ay, it will be the confession o' the malefactor, Frisbie, that has fasht him; as weel it may!"

"He's war nor fasht! he looks joost likely to do himsel' a mischief!" said Christie, shaking his head.

"Hech! an that be sae we maun be carefu'! Are there any sharp edged or pointed instruments in his cell?"

"Naught but his pen-knife. I was minded to bring it away but I did na."

"Eh, then we will pay him a visit in his cell," said the warden rising.

The turnkey led the way upstairs, and they entered the prisoner's cell. The Viscount, who was sitting at the table with his head leaning upon his hand, looked up at this unusual visit. His face was deadly pale; but beyond that the warden noticed nothing amiss in his appearance, and that paleness was certainly natural in a prisoner suffering from confinement and anxiety. There is usually but scant ceremony observed between gaoler and prisoner; nevertheless, in this case Auld Saundie Gra'ame actually apologized for his unreasonable visit.

"Me laird," he said, "I ha'e a verra unpleasant duty to perform here. Donald reports that ye are no that weel in your mind. And sic being the case, I maun in regard to your ain guid and safety, see till the removal of a' edged tools and sic like dangerous weapons."

"Take away what you please; I have no objection," said the Viscount indifferently.

Whereupon the warden and the turnkey made a thorough search of the room; took away his razors and scissors from his dressing-case and his pen-knife and eraser from his writing desk.

"I shall take guid care o' a' these articles, me laird, and return them to you safe, ance you are out o' these wa's," said the warden.

The Viscount made no reply.

"And ye maun ken that I only remove them to prevent ye doin' yoursel' a mischief in your despondency," he continued.

The Viscount smiled with a strange, derisive, triumphant expression; but still did not reply in words.

"And gin ye will heed guid counsel, ye will na gi'e yoursel' up to despair. Despair is an unco ill counsellor and the de'il is aye ready to tak advantage of its pr[illegible]. Guid nicht, me laird, and guid rest till y[illegible]," said Auld Saundie, as he withdrew himself and his subordinate from the cell and locked his prisoner in finally for the night.

When he got back to his office he summoned all of his officers around him and spoke to them.

"Lads, I ha'e sair misgivings anent yon Laird Vincent. Ye maun be vera carefu'! Ye mauna let his mon Cuthbert [illegible] ony thing in, until it ha'e passed muster under me ain twa een. And you, Donald, mark, gin ye gang in wi' Cuthbert or ony ither, gentle or simple, wha gaes to see me laird, and bide in the cell wi' them to watch that the visitor gies naething unlawfu' or daungerous to the prisoner. An ounce o' preveention, ye ken, lads, is better than a pund o' cure!"

And having given this order, the warden dismissed his subordinates to their various evening duties.

Yes! "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure!" [illegible] it is a pity the honest warden had not known when to apply the preventive agent.

Meanwhile, how had Faustina borne her imprisonment?

Why, excellently! Not that she had any patience, or courage, or fortitude, for she had not the least bit of either, or of any other sort of heroism. But, as I said before, she was such a mere animal, that, so long as she was made comfortable in the present, she felt no trouble on the score of the past or the future.

After her first fit of howling, weeping and raging had exhausted itself, and she had seen that her violence had no other effect than to injure her cause, she resigned herself to circumstances and made herself as comfortable as possible in her cell.

The expenditure of a few pounds had procured her every thing she wanted, except her liberty; and that she did not feel the want of, as a creature with more soul might have done.

Any chance visitor who might have gone into Faustina's cell, would have been astonished to see it fitted up as a boudoir. And would have required to be told that there was no law to prevent a prisoner, convicted and waiting trial, from fitting up her cell as luxuriously as she pleased to do, [illegible] money to pay the expense and friends [illegible] the trouble.

And Faustina had freely spent money and freely used Mrs. MacDonald.

The floor of her cell was covered with a crimson carpet, the festooned window with a lace curtain, and ornamented with a buquet of flowers. A soft bed, with fine linen and warm coverlids, stood in one corner; a toilet-table and mirror, draped with lace in another; a small marble wash-stand, with its china service in a third; and a French porcelain stove in the fourth. A crimson covered easy-chair and tiny stand filled up the middle of the small apartment.

And here, always well dressed, Faustina sat and read novels, or worked crochét, and gossiped with Mrs. MacDonald all day long. And here her epicurean meals, shared by her friend and visitor, were brought.

And here Mrs. MacDonald petted and soothed and flattered her with the hopes of a speedy deliverance.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAPTURING A PIRATE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

South of the coast of Florida, there are hundreds of beautiful islands, with beaches of shell and sand, where the turtles of that region resort to deposit their eggs. Some of these islets are formed in groups or clusters, with deep, narrow, intricate, natural channels everywhere intersecting, and are covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics—tall grasses, trees, vines and flowers—presenting scenes of great romantic beauty.

Many years ago, when a class of men called turtlers and the pirates of the Gulf both frequented this region in their different vocations, there was an occasional contact, resulting in scenes of violence and blood-shed.

It was at this period, that a party of three men, named respectively Wilson, Chase and Claymore, turtlers by profession, one beautiful evening, just as the sun was setting in all the glory of that delightful clime, ran their little boat upon a sandy beach, preparatory to encamping for the night. A few minutes after, as Wilson ascended a little knoll, to take a look around him, he espied a distant sail, apparently standing in for that very point. In reality this proved nothing, as the vessel might alter her course at any moment; but that was a time when, and a place where, it behooved every man to be on his guard—to be wary and suspicious of every thing human with which he was unacquainted—and so he immediately called to his companions, and directed their attention to the object of suspicion.

"Fetch up the glass," he said, "and let's see what we can make of her!"

The two hurried up to the top of the knoll, and Claymore produced a respectably-sized telescope, through which he looked steadily, for at least half a minute, saying, as he handed it to Wilson:

"I don't like her at all: she's got raking masts, a low, black hull, and a good many persons aboard: I think she's a pirate."

"I'm of the same opinion," remarked Wilson, as he in turn handed the glass to Chase. "She's standing in for this group, and so far she hasn't changed a point. What's to be done?"

"I don't hardly think she'll touch here," said Chase, "because she mayn't have nothing to gain by it."

"But say the worst—suppose she does?"

"Well, it would be dark by that time, and we could hide here easy enough, or slip off without being seen."

"I'm not so sure of that," put in Claymore. "It's a going to be a bright, moonlight night, you know, and if the villains land, they may stumble on to us, or our boat, or they may stay here till morning. Besides, there's our little sloop, up in the cove at t'other island, which they might find, capture and destroy."

After discussing the matter for some time, however, the three men decided to hide their boat in a cluster of bushes, and themselves remain upon the island, believing they might effect a concealment, even should that one of the group be selected for the landing of the pirates, which was highly improbable, because there were so many chances against their doing so. In the first place, they might not be pirates at all; in the second place, they might have no intention of landing in that quarter; and in the third place, there were more than a dozen other islets close around them, any one of which they might be quite as likely to select.

Meantime, the suspicious vessel came steadily on under a light breeze, and by dark had dropped anchor within pistol shot of the outer reef, and within rifle shot of the spot occupied by our adventurers.

"I don't know, after all, but we'd better ship our boat back into the water, and put off before the moon gets up," remarked Wilson, in a low, guarded tone. "We've got that chance left us now; but I'm not so sure we'll have it an hour or two later."

"Oh, I don't think we've got any thing to fear," returned Chase; "and I, for one, would like to see what the scoundrels are up to. Who knows but they're going to bury money or something! Such things have been done, you know, before to-day."

"A good while before to-day, I reckon," chimed in Claymore. "These fellows ain't hardly likely to have so much money they can't carry it with 'em. But, anyhow, I think with you there won't be much danger in staying here if we're cautious, and I'm for seeing the thing out—or, at least, till I find something to get scared at in earnest."

The highest point of land on the little island occupied by the turtlers was covered with trees and bushes, which would have been sufficient to effectually conceal them in broad daylight; and as this elevation commanded a full view of the vessel, they now took their station here, to note the proceedings of the men they believed to be pirates. As twilight had already deepened into night and the moon had not yet risen, they could barely discern the vessel with the naked eye; but, by the aid of their glass, they could not only see her somewhat distinctly, but the shadowy forms of men grouped together, or moving about the decks. Presently, one boat after another was lowered into the water and quickly filled with human beings, and then a long box was let down with great care and unusual silence, orders were given in low tones, and the several boats moved off in concert toward the nearest shore, where a landing was soon effected and numerous lights displayed.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Wilson.

"I reckon it's a funeral," replied Chase.

"But it's not usual for seamen to bury their dead on land!" rejoined Wilson.

"That's true; but then, you know, sailors often take strange, superstitious notions into their heads, and it's just as like as not this here's the result of something of that kind. I wouldn't wonder, now, if the captain, or some other officer, before he died, had made the crew promise to bury him on one of these islands, and they've come here to do it."

"It looks like something of that kind, that's a fact," said Claymore, who was now using the glass. "The box is long enough to have a corpse in it, and they're carrying it forward in regular funeral style. There," he added, shortly after, "they've reached a little open spot, under a large tree, and set it down. And now there's some men with spades, that seem to be marking something out. Yes, there, they've commenced digging, and the others have formed a big ring all round 'em."

"And how many do you s'pose there is of 'em?" asked Wilson.

"I can't tell exactly—but I shouldn't think there's less than fifty."

"I guess they've pretty much all come ashore then."

Claymore turned his glass upon the vessel, and replied:

"All, I reckon—I don't see one there."

"By Jove, boys!" cried Chase, with a sudden start, clapping a hand upon the shoulder of each of his companions as he stood between them, "what's to hinder us from capturing their vessel then?"

Both Wilson and Claymore turned like lightning and looked the speaker straight in the face, without saying a word, as if the very suggestion had surprised them into silence.

"I reckon it might be done," pursued Chase; "and if so, it would be the best night's work of our lives."

"Failure would be death!" said Wilson.

"Perhaps; but then, you know, nothing ventur' nothing have. Besides, if we'd been men to be scared at trifles, we shouldn't be where we are now, following our risky business."

"But we don't know for certain they are pirates!" chimed in Claymore: "that craft may be a regular man-of-war."

"In that case we wouldn't be hurt, after telling 'em our mistake."

"Perhaps not, unless they took us for pirates."

"I'm not afeard of that."

"But what do you propose to do?" asked Wilson.

"Slip round there at once in our boat and reconnoiter, while they're all busy on shore. If we don't see nobody aboard, we can get possession right easy, and two minutes on deck will let us know what she is. If they've left a guard there, which I don't believe, we can put back again, and no harm done."

"I'm not so sure of that," returned the more cautious Wilson. "We'd be likely to be seen, hailed, and fired into; and then, with the whole crew alarmed, it wouldn't be easy for us to get away from the villains."

"Of course there's a risk," rejoined Chase; "but how in thunder can we expect to make a big haul without one? I tell you, boys, here's an opportunity that don't come twice in a man's life; and if we let it slip by, it's my opinion we'll die poor; but if that craft 's a pirate, and we can only manage to captur' her and run her into New Orleans, we needn't hunt turtles' eggs any more the rest of our lives, besides the glory we'll get for our exploit. Come, what do you say, boys? now's the time or never!"

There was some further hesitation on the part of Wilson and Claymore; but the temptation to enrich and distinguish themselves by one bold stroke was too much for men in their condition of life to resist, and they soon joined hands upon the bold venture.

Once decided, they went in for speedy action; and in less than five minutes they were on the water, and pulling away for the strange vessel with all their might. As they neared her, they used great caution, and one of the three kept his glass all the time bearing upon her. All remained still on board, and not a soul was to be seen as they ran up alongside. In another minute our three adventurers were on deck, and in double that time they had convinced themselves that they were masters of a heavily-armed, richly-freighted pirate.

"Now, then, boys, it's neck or nothing!" said Chase, as he hurried forward and cut the cable.

As the vessel began to fall off, the three men, who had had experience as sailors, made all haste to hoist sail and get her under way. The canvass quickly filled under the stiffening breeze, and the vessel began to move forward. The moment our adventurers found she had good headway, they felt a wonderful relief; and the more reckless Chase, as he seized the helm and brought her round, proposed three cheers.

"No! no!" said Wilson; "the villains will find us quick enough, and we ain't out of danger yet!"

As if in response to his words of caution, there came at this moment a wild yell from the shore. The pirates had suddenly made the discovery of the capture of their vessel; and rushing in furious disorder to their boats, they put off in a mad pursuit. There was a painful suspense of a few minutes on the part of the captors, during which they gave to the breeze every sail they could, and anxiously noted the progress they were making. Finding at length they were really gaining on their pursuers, and therefore had nothing more to fear from them, they suddenly gave three as hearty cheers as ever came from the lungs of daring men. These were responded to by a series of demoniac yells, bitter curses, and a general discharge of small arms, some of the balls from which whistled through the rigging.

"Ho! ho! my hearties—so that's your game, is it?" cried Chase, with a loud laugh of defiance. "We'll let you know there's somebody else can play at that. Here, boys, lend a hand, to train this nine-pounder on 'em! It'll be a shot in the dark; but I reckon it'll match their shooting, any way."

In another moment the gun was pointed at the pursuing boats and fired. Wild screams and yells followed; and as soon as the smoke rose, the glass showed the pirates in terrible confusion, which convinced our friends that the shot had done execution.

"Good-bye, you scoundrels!" cried Chase, with a derisive laugh.

And "good-bye" it was, for the pirates followed no further, and soon the dim specks of boats were lost in the dark distance.

Our gallant adventurers reached New Orleans in safety, where the captured vessel was recognized as a noted pirate. At first their story was disbelieved, and they were put under arrest; but they finally succeeded in establishing its truth, and then comparative riches and glory became their reward.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEATH OF SIR HUGH.

To account for what now occurred, we must return to the trooper who had been left on guard below. Jones was a person of inquisitive mind, and it occurred to him that while his comrade kept watch over the movements of the family above stairs, he would make a foray through the older portion of the building.

The key still remained in the door which gave into the corridor, and he traversed its length and entered the chapel. His quick eye soon caught sight of the lifted flag stone, and while examining it, the open panel also attracted his attention. He exclaimed:

"By Jove! the secret's out! That chap was hid in the garret, and he's somewhere about here, that's certain. The way's been opened for him to get out, and maybe I can trap him before he gets away."

He rushed back to the inhabited portion of the house, called to his comrade, and in a few words informed him of the discovery he had made, at the same time telling him to remain in front of Mrs. Methurn's room, and in five minutes to enter it, while he made his way to the opposite side, for he was certain that a communication existed between the chapel and that suite of apartments.

Jones ran back, swiftly mounted the stairs, and moved in the direction in which he knew the rooms were situated. The sound of voices soon guided him, and he crashed through the wardrobe at the moment that the cries from the next room warned him that a scuffle was going on.

The Gipsy turned like a lioness at bay, while Sir Hugh fell back, dropping the pen from his hand, as he gaspingly said:

"Lost! lost! All is lost!"

They were the last articulate words he ever uttered, for the shock had snapped the silver cord, and the hard and sinful soul of the baronet was wrenched from his body in that moment of supreme anguish.

Jones strode to the door, unlocked and threw it open. Vernor was struggling desperately with his assailant, who had come upon him without warning, while Mrs. Methurn and Ethel, paralyzed by fright, looked on without even uttering a cry.

The new-comer grasped the arms of the young man from behind, and in a few moments he was securely bound and placed on a chair.

"Who locked that door?" asked Vernor, savagely. "But for that I might have escaped you both. What have you done with my father?"

"I believe he's fainted. Now we've got you safe, I'll look after the old gentleman. Don't be scared, ladies; we aint a goin' to hurt you, though you did try to hide this young chap amongst ye."

Mrs. Methurn rushed into the dressing-room, followed by Ethel, and the young girl uttered a loud cry as she beheld Sir Hugh with fallen jaw and glazing eyes, sitting bolt upright, with his hands still stretched out over the little table.

The Gipsy and the deed had both disappeared.

"This last shock has proved fatal to him," said Mrs. Methurn, with emotion.

"Oh! he cannot be dead, aunty. We must try to bring him around again. Let us get him on the bed, and see what can be done for him."

Mrs. Methurn silently shook her head. She had gazed on death before, and she knew that the awful fixedness of look before her was the work of the grim conqueror alone. She placed her hand over the heart of Sir Hugh and found that not the slightest pulsation remained. His hands were already chilled and stiff, and she reverently said:

"God has mercifully removed him from trouble to come. Go to your own room, my child, for this sight is too painful for one of your tender years. I will attend to what must be done here."

But Ethel would not consent to leave her; by this time the two soldiers had entered the room, and in compliance with the request of Mrs. Methurn they lifted the corpse and placed it on a couch that stood in the room; they straightened the limbs, and Mrs. Methurn herself closed the mouth and pressed down the eyelids over the staring eyes from which all expression had fled. Vernor called out impatiently:

"What are you all doing in there? Sir Hugh—father, come out; I wish to speak with you. I suppose that privilege at least will not be denied me."

Ethel went to him, pale and trembling.

"Oh, Vernor—poor Vernor, this is a sad blow for you. He will never come to you again. Oh, no—never."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with a scared look. "Don't tell me that anything has happened to my father just now. Has that fellow murdered him?"

"He is dead, but not by violence."

Vernor covered his face with his hands, and she could see that he trembled in every fibre of his frame. Presently he looked up and hoarsely said:

"Then it's all up with me. A prisoner to those who know no mercy, and my father gone, there is no one to stand between me and destruction. I have ruined you too, Ethel; the remnant of property left to you will barely purchase your own safety."

"Don't talk of that now, Vernor," she gently replied; "I will stand by you to the last, and save you if I can."

Vernor was touched; he gloomily said:

"I have been a villain toward you, Ethel, and that is the truth. I bound you to me that I might gain possession of your fortune, which I have recklessly squandered. Yes—it is nearly all gone, poor little girl, and you will be left to poverty. The estate I should have heired will now be forfeited, and I shall have no means of restitution left. But you will be *free* again, Ethel, for my life isn't worth a rush."

For the first time for years Ethel voluntarily drew near him and kissed his pale brow. In that moment all his indifference to her was forgotten: he suffered—he had few friends to stand by him in the hour of his need, and her young heart overflowed with compassionate tenderness toward him. She put back his tangled hair, and softly said:

"If the sacrifice of all I claim can save you, Vernor, I will cheerfully make it. Let us not anticipate evil; there is enough already around us to task all our energies to overcome. Don't give up, dear Vernor. Hope on; God is with us, and He will send us help in the darkest hour."

He bitterly said:

"You may trust in Him, for you are good and pure; but I—I dare not ask His protection, for in my hour of elation I spurned the thought that I should ever need it."

Ethel wistfully regarded him. She knew that he had been a habitual scoffer at religion, and this, as much as anything else, had alienated her from him. In the depths of her gentle nature was cradled deep reverence for sacred things, and the prayers offered by this simple heart might have been borne by angels to the throne of grace as an incense worthy of the infinite purity that overshadows it.

Mrs. Methurn came in silently weeping. She placed her hand on Vernor's head and reverently said:

"The Lord has dealt with his creature. Sir Hugh has escaped the evils we must rouse our courage to face."

"Oh, Aunt Agnes, if he could only have lived a few weeks longer, he might have been able to avert utter ruin from us all; but now, everything is lost. Make up your minds to go with me to prison, for Kirke will come back and take us all away with him."

"If it must be so, I can go. I will write to Gerald of the strait we are in, and he and Mr. Clyde may be able to help us."

"If *justice* reigned in the land, perhaps they might, but I have no hope from that. Resign yourself to the worst, for Kirke arrests us, and Jeffreys will sit in judgment upon us."

Mrs. Methurn shuddered. The reputation of Jeffreys was well known to her, and the thought of even appearing before him filled her with horror.

The troopers here joined them, and rough as they were, they refrained from saying anything to the unhappy young man to embitter his captivity. Even they had some respect for the lifeless form of him who was so lately the stay and protection of those before them. Vernor haughtily regarded them as he said:

"I may at least be permitted to go in and look upon my dead father for the last time. Free my feet that I may walk."

"If you'll promise not to make a dash, young man, an' try to get off, I'll do you that service," said Jones.

"Stupid! what can I do with my hands thus pinioned? Are not two of you here to guard a bound man?"

The trooper grinned—

"I don't mind your callin' me sich a name, caze I've proved sharper than you an' the old gentleman to boot. But I 'vise ye to keep a civil tongue in yer head, for the Lambs is used to a word and a blow, an' sometimes the last comes afore there's time to speak the first."

Vernor savagely regarded him, but he only pointed to the cord that bound his feet and said nothing in reply. Jones severed it with his knife, and he stood an instant balancing in his mind his chances of escape.

While Ethel talked with him alone, she had slightly loosened the handkerchief with which his arms were bound, for the tension appeared painful, and a few cautious movements had convinced Vernor that he could release them without much effort. He said:

"Now I am ready; one of you can keep guard at the door, while the other goes with me in the dressing room. I shall not be long."

The troopers exchanged glances, and Simpson took his station close beside the door; Vernor walked forward, followed by Jones, and his rapid glance took in the condition of the room. He asked:

"Who guided you to yonder opening?"

"My own wit, and the carelessness of those that came before me. The woman that was in here got away while I was securin' you."

"What woman!" said Vernor, bewildered.

"How should I know? One of the servants mayhap, what knew the way up."

But the prisoner knew better, and like a flash, the remembrance of the strange Gipsy woman came to him. That she had some mysterious connection with his father; that she knew all the secret places of the house he was aware, and his heart grew faint within him as he remembered how she had kept upon his track for years past. Could she have followed him to England to make his destruction sure? Why she wished evil to him he did not know, but that she was his deadly and uncompromising enemy, he felt assured.

He approached the couch and looked down on the inanimate form that lay upon it, thinking less of his bereavement, than of the means of escaping from the toils that were closing around him.

Jones peered through the opening in the wardrobe, and muttered comments on its ingenuity. He found the saw, and said aloud:

"The gal got this, but how she brought it up *I* don't know. She's a sharp un, an' needs looking after a bit."

Vernor glared furtively at him; the door communicating with the outer room had swung partly to; Jones was on his knees groping in the wardrobe, and seizing the opportunity, he slipped the handkerchief from his arms, and at a bound, closed the door, turned the lock, and then sprang upon he trooper. As Jones arose, he struck him a heavy blow upon the head, dashed through the opening, and was half way across the garret before the man regained his stunned senses sufficiently to pursue him.

But Kirke's lambs were too hard-headed to be long bewildered even by such a blow as the one just dealt on the trooper's head, and as Vernor approached the stairway he heard his adversary in hot pursuit. Dashing wildly forward, he cleared the steps at a bound, landed on the chapel floor, and closed the panel.

As he paused to take breath, a figure emerged from behind a pillar, which he instantly recognized as that of the Gipsy Queen.

"What has brought *you* here?" he fiercely asked. "What were you doing in my father's room to-day? You have dogged my steps for years, and now you have come to deliver me over to destruction."

"You speak the truth," she recklessly replied. "The rope is made that will soon hang you, and I have done my best to put it around your neck, though you have bravely helped me yourself. The sleuth-hound is on your track, and you need not hope to escape him. You are rushing now upon your fate."

"*Who* are you? and why have you pursued me thus for evil?"

"The dead man that lies above, can no longer stand between us, and since your race is almost run, I will tell you what you wish to know. I am she who should have been Lady Methurn; to whom every sacred pledge was given, and ruthlessly broken. My son is the son of your father, and your own elder brother; yet *you* have dared to strike him. Go on, Vernor Methurn, and meet the retribution due to that cowardly blow. I do not attempt to stop you, hasten before the trooper breaks through the wall, for he is striking at it at a fearful rate."

Jones, in truth, was hammering against the panel with all his force, and as a crashing sound was heard as if it was splintering beneath his blows, Vernor again bounded forward, and disappeared through the opening in the floor. He had no thought at that moment for the revelation which had just been made to him; his only care was for his own safety.

The Gipsy again stepped behind the sheltering pillar, leaving Jones to force his way into the chapel. She knew that the fugitive was in her power, for by this time her son must be at his station with the party of which he had gone in quest, and since nothing else would be gained by the day's work, Melchoir might at least gain the reward offered for his brother's apprehension.

The trooper at length smashed the panel, and with the impetus of the last blow, rolled out upon the floor. As he regained his feet, a confused sound of voices and cries came up from the vaults, and before he could gain the stairs leading into them, a party of four men, led by Melchoir, came up, bringing the fugitive with them as a prisoner. Vernor had gone but a few yards below, when they closed around him, and pinioned him in such a manner as to render resistance ineffectual.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BROTHERS FACE TO FACE.

When Kirke left the Priory he divided his men into two squads, one of which kept watch upon the grounds, while the other proceeded to make domiciliary visits to some of the neighboring families who had also been implicated in the rebellion.

Melchoir found the pickets patrolling around the domain, and he speedily gave the officer in command the information that the quarry they sought was safely caged within the old house. The three men he requested were sent with him to the vaults, while the remainder gradually drew near to the walls and enclosed them with a cordon of armed men.

A messenger was sent to Kirke informing him of the state of affairs, and at the moment Vernor was brought in the chapel, he dashed up to the door followed by the remainder of his troop. Their loud and disorderly entrance filled the whole building with clamor, and their commander, with angry and inflamed visage, stalked through the room of Sir Hugh, and traversed the corridor with furious haste. He gained the chapel, and a gleam of ferocious joy lighted up his features as he saw the prisoner standing before him bound and helpless.

"Well, young cock o' the walk, your wings are clipped at last," he said, with a coarse laugh. "You've led me a pretty dance; you and that deceiving old father of yours. Where is he? I'll make him feel that it is not safe to trifle with one of his Majesty's officers as he has done with me to-day."

Vernor disdainfully regarded him.

"My father, thank Heaven! is beyond the reach of your malice. You nor anyone else will annoy him more."

"Why, what does the galliard mean? Where is Sir Hugh, I say? Bring him before me that I may signify my pleasure to him in this conjuncture of affairs. I'll take the old sinner where he'll find cause to repent of his evil deeds."

"You're spared that trouble, sir," said Jones. "The old gen'leman's gone a longer journey than you can take him. When I jumped in on the hidin' place o' the young un, he jest fell back an' give up the ghost."

"Dead!" said Kirke; "do you mean that his tough old heart actually broke when he learned that his young scapegrace was in the toils? Bless my soul! I had no idea he had so much sensibility."

"He's dead sure, sir. Mebbe you'll come up an' see where the youngster was stowed away, an' you can see for yourself that Sir Hugh 'll never breathe again in this world."

Giving orders for the prisoner to be removed to the hall and securely guarded, Kirke strode after his satellite, and mounted to the garret. He carefully surveyed his route, and said:

"Cleverly contrived, faith; and the panel is so well concealed behind the pillar that no one would have suspected its existence. I was certain the young man had taken refuge here, and I intended to stay in the neighborhood until he was nabbed."

When they gained the opening into the dressing-room he forced his burly form through it, and stepping out, stood before the two affrighted ladies, who were kneeling before the couch on which the body of Sir Hugh lay. Mrs. Methurn extricated herself from Ethel's clinging arms, and arose with dignity, while the poor girl turned her pallid face toward him and pointed appealingly to the lifeless form of the baronet. Mrs. Methurn said:

"I trust that Colonel Kirke will treat these remains with the respect that is due to them."

The rude soldier lifted his hat in the presence of death, and replied:

"He's done his last wrong, ma'am, and gone where Jeffreys can't reach him, which I can't say I'm sorry for. Sir Hugh was a liberal man, and I'll see him put decently in the family vault before we go. But I'm sorry to say that you and this young lady must go with me to Taunton as soon as the job's completed."

"Can we not be permitted to remain here till our presence is necessary there?"

"I *had* agreed to that; but now it is impossible. You have helped to conceal that young fellow, thus making matters worse for yourselves than they would have been."

"Has he escaped?" asked Ethel. "If he has, I can bear imprisonment."

"If he *had* escaped through your connivance, it would have been the worse for you, young lady. But he is safe in the custody of my men. Jones tells me that you must have slipped the bandage with which his arms were bound, or he could never have freed them as he did. Since we've caught him, it don't matter; but if he had got off it would have gone hard with you."

"Oh! I could have borne anything if he had gained his freedom," she said, with a burst of tears. "Come, aunty, let us prepare to meet the evil fate that has encompassed us."

"Yes—get ready to be judged by the hardest man in England, or, for that matter, in the world. But don't be down-hearted, for Jeffreys has a taste for beauty, and you are rather a pretty little thing. Only don't spoil your eyes with crying; you'll find a better use for them in looking out for another husband after this one is put out of the way."

Ethel shrank from the brutal man with an expression of horror, and looking as indignant as she felt at such language, Mrs. Methurn drew her away. She paused at the door and asked:

"How long may we remain beneath this roof, sir?"

"Till my men have had a good dinner provided for them, ma'am, and we have had time to knock up a box to put the old gentleman in. He was fond of his glass, and I hope there will be good wine to be drank at his funeral banquet. I rely on your respect for the deceased to order a repast suited to his quality, for my Lambs are used to the best the country affords."

"They shall have the best we have," replied the lady; "but you must be aware of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient food for a whole troop of horsemen at so short a notice. Our family is not large, and it will take time to send to the village."

"Zounds! madam, kill the fatted calf; kill his mother if necessary; for I shall not budge from the Priory till I have partaken of its hospitality. The Methurns were not wont to be niggards, and little their fortunes have fallen, there is still enough left to feed his Majesty's soldiers."

Mrs. Methurn did not reply to this rude speech; she merely bent her head and left the room.

No sooner were they alone than Ethel threw herself upon her bosom and wept the tears she had with difficulty restrained in the presence of the troopers. But she soon aroused herself from this indulgence of feeling, and proceeded to pack up such articles of clothing as herself and Mrs. Methurn would need during their stay in Taunton.

What their fate might be she could not foresee, and such terrible stories were told of Jeffreys and his summary proceedings toward those implicated in the rebellion, that she feared the worst, but the latent vein of heroism in her nature was fully aroused, and she felt within herself a power to sustain the heaviest blows of misfortune if Vernor could only escape the fate that menaced him.

The death of Sir Hugh had been a great shock, but he had never been fond of her, and she had always regarded him with more fear than affection. At such a crisis it was a great calamity, but she had faith to believe that God would bring good out of evil to those who trusted in His power, and with his consoling belief she wiped away her tears, and set herself earnestly to the task before her.

Mrs. Methurn had far more difficulty in the one she had undertake. Messengers were dispatched to the village and to farmer Conway's to request that provisions might be sent up to the Priory; but the day was rapidly waning away before the banquet was ready for the impatient and often clamorous soldiers; for Kirke allowed his men the widest liberty when not engaged in actual service.

A rough coffin was procured for Sir Hugh, and with little ceremony he was placed in it, and conveyed to the family vault, which was situated in the rear of the chapel. Vernor and the two ladies were permitted to be present, and with fear and trembling the curate of the parish came to read the burial service over his body. When he asked leave to do so, Kirke replied:

"It isn't much good they'll do such an old reprobate now, Mr. Parson; but as it is customary, I won't refuse. I'm called a brute, and sometimes I act like one, but the d—l you know isn't so black as he's painted. The women would feel horrified if the old fellow was put away like a dog, and somehow that little girl interests me. The poor thing has been made a victim by Sir Hugh and that scamp of a son; they have ruined her, I know, and this affair will swallow up the last fragment of her fortune. Somehow I pity her, though I don't often care for those the fortune of war throws in my hands."

"Miss Ethel is a sweet young lady," replied the curate. "I taught her Latin, and the mysteries of calculation, and she was always a docile pupil. I do hope you will try and befriend her in the evil strait into which she has fallen."

"As to that, my power over her fate ceases when I deliver her over to the authorities at Taunton. Jeffreys will then be the arbiter of her destiny."

The dominie shuddered:

"Oh, sir! he is a merciless man, and this is such a young girl. I—I'm told, sir, that those he cannot hang he will condemn to be sold as slaves in the West Indies. Think of it, sir! such a delicate young lady as this to be sent away as a slave to that wild and unhealthy country."

Kirke laughed bitterly:

"It's good enough for the most of those who will be sent there; but Viscount Clifton will never let his niece and the heiress to his estate, be sent into exile. It would be too great a stain upon his noble family."

The listener shook his head dubiously:

"If it depends on *him*, he won't raise his finger to help her; for if it had not been for Mrs. Methurn I do not know what would have become of the poor child when her mother died."

"It would have been a great deal better for her if she had never seen one of the family, for they have bound her to a worthless prodigal in her childhood, and he has made way with the earnings of her uncle. When this thing is through with, she won't have a shilling left. I hope Master Vernor will get his deserts for his treatment to her."

"Oh, sir! surely they will not destroy the heir to an ancient family like that of the Methurn's, which dates back to the Norman conquest. They have held an honorable place in the land for many generations."

"It's a pity then that they have degenerated so much, for the old baronet and his son are poor specimens. If Sir Hugh had lived a few months longer, he might have saved the estate from forfeiture; but now it will go to the crown, and the heir will hang very likely."

The poor dominie regarded him with silent horror. The family at the Priory had been his patrons, and from him the young people had received the greater portion of their education. For Vernor he had less affection than for Gerald, but he could not think of the fate that threatened him without the bitterest regret.

While performing the last services for the deceased baronet, his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears many times; and in a parting interview with Mrs. Methurn, he promised her to look in frequently at the Priory, and see how things went on during her enforced absence. She made an effort to look hopeful, as she said:

"I trust that we shall be permitted to return before long. If we do not, I hope, Mr. Panton, that you will remember the poor people I have been in the habit of looking after."

He promised to do so, and asked:

"Will not Mr. Gerald come to your assistance, ma'am? He's a lawyer, and he will know the rights of the case. It seems hard that you and Miss Ethel should be taken away from your home for such a trifle."

"I have written to Gerald, and I shall send my letter from Taunton."

"Will they really put you in prison, ma'am? It's a dreadful place, for I've been there to visit a friend. That was several years ago; but the place is no better now—nay, it is worse, for a malignant fever is raging among the people confined there."

Mrs. Methurn shivered:

"My poor Ethel! it will be terrible to take her into the midst of infection. I must make every effort to escape that danger. Kirke is rough and brutal, but he has the reputation of being also very venal. He has power to serve us, and a liberal bribe may induce him to permit Ethel and myself to remain at Mr. Digby's till we have to appear in court."

"If he does, ma'am, he will be more lenient to you than he was to Miss Digby; for I know that she was arrested and thrown in prison. She took the fever, and was taken back to her father's house when they found she could not live unless she was removed from the den into which they had thrown her. She lies there now at the point of death."

"Poor Alice! so young and so unfortunate. Yet my own darling may fare no better."

She lowered her voice, and went on:

"I have been told that Kirke and Jeffreys play into each other's hands, and are cruel, or kind, according to the ability of the party arrested to pay for lenient treatment. I have a hundred pounds by me, which I have saved since Gerald went into Mr. Clyde's office; perhaps that will purchase permission for us to remain under Mr. Digby's roof. It would be too cruel to throw us in the midst of infection."

"Kirke seems to feel for Miss Ethel, ma'am, and I think the half of the money will bribe him to let you both remain with your friends. But no sum will keep Mr. Vernor out of prison; they are too much afraid that he will escape. He has shown such spirit and determination, that they will not consent to lose sight of him for an hour."

Mrs. Methurn sighed heavily:

"I am aware of that, and I have no hope of keeping him with us. To save Ethel from contact with such misery and degradation, is the utmost I expect to accomplish. You advise me then to make the trial with Kirke?"

"I think you may venture to do so, ma'am. He can only refuse, and you will be no worse off than you are now."

Thus counselled, Mrs. Methurn sought an opportunity of speaking with Kirke, who at first utterly refused to listen to such a proposal. He declared that the two ladies must go to prison, as many others of as high station had done before; that he had no power to change their destination, but when he found that the widow had money of her own with which to purchase indemnity, he softened his tone, and after many manœuvres to find out how much she was able to give, he finally consented to accept sixty pounds, and allow Ethel and her protectress to take refuge in the house of Mr. Digby till the day of their trial arrived.

When Mrs. Methurn ventured to mention Vernor, his face darkened, and he abruptly said:

"You can do nothing for the young man, madame. He must be made to feel all the rigors of imprisonment to bring him to the point that is so desired. He is sullen and uncompromising, but I have dealt with as hard cases before now, and I shall yet make him take the only course that can save his own life, and at the same time serve the government."

"If it is your purpose to tempt him to treachery toward those with whom he has been leagued, I trust that he will preserve his honor even at the sacrifice of life," she replied, with spirit.

"Ho! ho! that is fine talking, madam; but at his years life is very precious, and he will be likely to value it above what you call his honor. Monmouth's cause is lost, and by giving up some documents he has concealed, your nephew will not injure those who are already condemned; he will only give a color of justice to their execution."

"If he gives them up, will he be released without the formality of a trial?"

"By no means; *that* Jeffreys will never forego. If life is spared in return for this service, it will be the utmost that will be granted. Heavy punishment will be meted out to him, the least of which will be the forfeiture of his title and estate. As to what further sentence Jeffreys may pronounce upon him, I cannot say. The young man has led a sadly profligate life, and the best you and the young lady can do, is to take care of yourselves, and let him sink or swim as fate may direct."

"But he is my nephew and Ethel's husband, and we cannot be indifferent to his fate."

"If your positions were reversed, I fancy he would be indifferent enough to yours. I am sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Vernor Methurn's past life to know that he is utterly selfish and hard-hearted; and if the law hangs him out of the way of this poor child who has been made the victim of his rapacity, it will be the better for her. Excuse me, madam; I am blunt and free-spoken, and I'm not used to dealing with ladies. But my advice to you is, to let the young man bear the burden of the calamity he has brought upon you all."

Mrs. Methurn turned away with a sad heart; she would gladly have averted from Vernor the penalty of his late acts had she possessed the power to do so, but she was helpless to aid him in any way. Vernor was strictly guarded in one of the lower rooms, and no opportunity of speaking with him had been allowed the two ladies, save when they stood beside the bier when the funeral services were being performed. He had then briefly said:

"Take care of yourself and Ethel, aunt Agnes. It's all up with me, and I must bear my fate like a man. I have brought evil enough upon you without hanging as a mill-stone upon you now. Leave me to my own deserts."

The house for many hours was a scene of riot and confusion, from which Mrs. Methurn was glad to take refuge in the seclusion of her own apartments. The late dinner was served, for Conway sent up a wagon load of provisions, and the people of the village, anxious to prove their loyalty, furnished everything they thought the troopers would need.

The wine cellar was searched, and a sufficient store of both wine and ale were found to intoxicate the whole party. Few would have believed that the shadow of death rested upon that house which rang with bacchanalian songs and roystering laughter. The feast was turned into a wild revel, and it was late in the night before the troopers staggered from the table.

Under these circumstances Kirke postponed his departure till the following morning, for among his troops but one sober man was to be found. That was Simpson, to whom the custody of Vernor was delegated with the assurance that if he permitted him to escape his own life should be the forfeit. He knew the threat would be fulfilled, and he had sufficient forbearance to refrain from indulging himself for the present, as he knew that at the next carouse his own turn would come; and the troopers had many houses to visit on similar errands before their work was completed.

He tried to while away the time in conversation with his prisoner, but Vernor sat wrapped in gloomy silence, thinking over his ruined fortune, and blighted future. What the Gypsy had told him recurred to his memory, and in his heart he cursed her for her agency in bringing about his capture.

Minchen and her son were still in the house, and Melchoir watched for an opportunity to come into the presence of his brother, that he might gratify his deep hatred by seeing him bound, and helpless before him.

The drunken troopers had sunk down upon the floor in a heavy sleep, and the house was at last quiet, when the young Gipsy came stealthily toward the door beside which Simpson held his watch. He offered the trooper a tankard of ale, and a piece of money, and whispered:

"Let me pass—let me see my foe in the toils, and I will be your friend for life."

"Gad! you're the fellow that set the men on the right scent, you helped to nab him, and I don't suppose you'd care to help him off."

"I'd throttle him first," was the fierce response: "I wish to witness his humiliation—to gloat on his sufferings. He degraded me once by cowardly blows, but now I think we are quits. Let me pass, good fellow, and it shall not be the worse for you. When I get my share of the reward for taking him, I'll remember you."

"This ale is good; this money is genuine, and I don't see any objection to grantin' what you ask. Go in and speak your mind to the sullen youngster, who wouldn't answer a civil remark I made to him a while ago."

Simpson sat down to enjoy his tankard, and Melchoir glided past him, and stood before his detested brother.

Vernor's feet were securely bound to a large table, near which he was placed, and a leather belt belonging to his guard, was strapped around his waist, and buckled to the chair on which he sat. Handcuffs were placed upon his wrists, and his head was bent down above them, his long hair flowing in matted locks over the table.

He did not heed the entrance of his visitor, and the sound of Melchior's voice caused him to start and lift up his pale face. An expression of triumphant scorn was upon the one that confronted him, and the Gipsy tauntingly said:

"Do you remember the day we met in the woodlawn years ago? when you insulted and outraged me by using your horsewhip upon my shoulders? See—here is the scar left by those blows. I shall bear it to my grave, but now it burns no longer, for it has been dearly avenged."

He laid bare his shoulder as he spoke, and a long red line was visible upon the dusky flesh.

Vernor said:

"You are mad; the blow I gave could have left no such mark as that through all these long years."

"Perhaps not; but I rendered it indelible by burning it out with caustic. I wished it to remain as a witness between you and me, for I swore to pursue you to the death for the indignity you then put upon me; on *me*, your father's son—your own elder brother."

"If we are really brothers, it is very strange that you have so bitterly resented an outbreak of temper on my part. Had I known the tie that exists between us, I should have foreborne to strike; but Sir Hugh never informed me that I had such a relative in existence."

A sudden hope, wild as unbounded, dawned on Vernor. This strange being had probably repented of the part he had taken in his capture. He had possibly gained access to him to aid him to escape, and he eagerly regarded him as he slowly went on:

"If I had known you were of my father's blood I should have held my hand. Why did you not tell me then, in place of brooding over the injury till it has made your heart bitter toward me. The tie of consanguinity is strong, and should not be lightly severed. Be a brother to me in this strait, and I pledge myself to recognize you as such, and to provide for you as my father's son when I have made terms with the government. I have the means of regaining all I have lost, if you will only help me to regain my freedom."

The face of Melchoir was a curious study while Vernor thus spoke; anger, incredulity and scorn were all blended in its expression; and he savagely said:

"If I thought you had such power, I would destroy you as you sit bound and helpless before me. Craven! do you dare to appeal to me—to *me*, to respect the tie that unites us, when, if you were free and prosperous, it would be scouted with contempt? It is well for you, a bound captive, with the sword suspended by a hair above your head, to talk of befriending me, the unfettered son of the forest. I am already provided for, thanks to the munificent government which offered a large reward for your capture. I pointed out your place of concealment—*I* surrendered you to the men who secured you, and for this service I am entitled to the sum offered. I scorn your offers of service, and refuse to be known as the kinsman of a traitor and villain—for such you know yourself to be, Vernor Methurn."

Hope died out of the listener's heart as he looked upon the speaker, and hearkened to his bitter words. His head again drooped upon the table, and he feebly said:

"Leave me—I wish to be alone. Since my father's son can give me over to destruction, I need hope for mercy from no other quarter."

"No, expect no mercy—and know that if it were extended to you, *I* would be upon your track again working for your ruin."

"What benefit could my death be to you? You could never become the heir of a Methurn."

"Perhaps not; but *you* shall never fill the position that should have been mine. Since I, the eldest born, cannot reign in my father's place, you shall never do so."

"To what end have you sought me?" asked Vernor, in an irritated tone. "Is it only to taunt and annoy me?"

"I came hither to triumph over you; to bring home to you some of the humiliation you have made me suffer; to gloat upon the sight of your fettered form, and hug to my heart the certainty that you cannot escape the doom that hangs over you."

"You have performed your mission. Go now, or I will call out and let Kirke know that his orders have been infringed by permitting you to enter here."

"Call, and welcome; the beastly troopers are too drunk to hearken to you; but I have said all I intended, and I bid you adieu for the present. I shall witness your condemnation; I shall be present at your ignominious execution, and then I shall go upon my way, satisfied that retribution has fallen where it is due."

He waved his hand, and passed from the room. Vernor's lip curled, and his eyes flashed as he muttered:

"I shall foil you all yet—and you, wretched cur, shall feel the weight of my vengeance for the insults of this hour. I hate and abhor you as deeply as you can loathe me."

His head sunk down, and overcome with weariness he slept, in spite of his uncomfortable position.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—Extraordinary virtues are ever defamed by those who want the courage to imitate them.

DAME ALLAN'S DREAM.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Nothing to ponder on, sitting alone,—
Some hickory nuts by the children thrown
On the garret floor,—underneath the eaves
Four-quartered husks, and yellow leaves,
A rattling hoard for the winter laid,
Hard won by many a wild-wood raid.
Time's tooth had gnawed the roof o'erhead
Till the sun of the Indian Summer bled
Through the ragged wound in a ruddy rain
That tinged the nuts with a crimson stain,
And surging decked with its sheen so bright
Dame Allan's cheek in its ruby light.

By the gathered store sat the farmer's wife,
Idle and dreaming for once in her life;
The lavender sweet which she came to find
Was in her hands, but not her mind.
For a journey far, though it seemed so brief,
She went that day on a hickory leaf,
Frail bark indeed—but it safely bore
Full freight of thought to the happy shore
Of the Long Ago where the Golden Isle
Lies backward many a weary mile.

Ah! still through the gaps of Life's highway
How we peer for a glimpse of Yesterday,
To see but its hills flush faint with gold
Through flecking mists between us rolled,
Until its lights look far away,
Dimmed by eternal, coming day.

So dreaming—
She walked in the land of the past,
Fresh, buxom and rosy. Her hat backward cast
And lips ripe and roguish, half smiling to see
How Gregory watched by the hickory tree.
And tho' through her boddice her heart told its joy,
Her greeting was sober and quiet and coy;
While the swain took his cap from his curl sheltered head
And showed the white forehead all flushing with red.
"Should he gather her nuts?"
"Well,—she didn't mind;
He might if he liked."
—The basket was lined,
And Gregory bent, as he bore them, one knee
Where she sat like a queen by the hickory tree.
But the bright cherry ribbons were whirled in his face
As his arm half attempted a loving embrace;
And, mocking, she laughed as she pointed above—
"The tree-top is full,—for the sake of my love
Jack Hazel would climb it."
With one supple bound
Leaped Gregory up from the leaf-gilded ground,
And strong as a tiger and quick as a cat,
Up high in the boughs of the tree-top he sat,
Till fainter his voice from the tall summit came,
And around her the tree shed its clattering rain.
Half-penitent, breathless, she waited below,
How fast beat her heart he never should know,
But a poor little prayer she kept whispering still—
"God save him and keep him from peril and ill!"
With glittering eye, with face passion pale,
Rocked Gregory there in the wild Autumn gale,
As he shouted to ask what the guerdon should be
For the perilous climb in the hickory tree.
Not a smile? not a word?
He twisted a bough
To see her—he slipped from his hold—steady now!
'Tis a twig, not a branch, to which his hand clings.
A moment it trembles, a moment he swings,
Till it breaks—he is down!—
Faithful Gregory lay
Like a stone at her feet that sad Autumn day.

Shaking with terror she knelt by him now,
And kisses and tears dropped on the pale brow,
And laid the poor head on her fast-beating heart,
While the moanings of pain kept the white lips apart
And the eyes opened wearily. Ah—bending then,
True love and contrition she whispered again,
Till over his face went the ghost of a smile
That murdered by pain yet haunted the while
The mouth when the lips pressing tight on the teeth
Shut pain with its groanings that portal beneath—
For shattered at shoulder and wounded at knee,
Lay Gregory there by the hickory tree.
But ere the old woodsman had come at her cry,
He made her confess, with a tear-troubled sigh,
How truly she loved him.
"Boys! where is your mother?
I've looked in the house and the garden all over,
And a button is off."
—Dame Allan was waking,
No time for a dream when a button was breaking.
Little guessed the stout farmer as close by his side
Through button and cuff her needle she plied,
What a journey the fair little woman had gone
As she sat in the garret awhile all alone,
Or how a pale leaf from a hickory tree
Had told her a tale of the year '23;
But he patted her cheek with his toil-hardened hand,
And called her the comeliest wife in the land,
And the few gentle words, too rare with him now,
Brought an olden time flush to pale cheek and brow,
As away to her duties swift-stepping she went,
Her heart throbbing soft with a pleasant content;
And that stupid Gregory wondered the while
Why Susan his wife should redden and smile.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 53.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH A JAVA ROCK-SNAKE.

Captain Manson was a true specimen of the Yankee sailor—a man of middle age; about the medium height; stout of frame and rather large in body; with thick sandy hair; a light, bluish grey eye; and with a broad, florid face, upon which beamed the genial light of an open, social soul. But his face was not always so bright. He could look as stern and savage as a sailor wishes his commander to look; and wo to that man who wantonly trifled with him, or abused his confidence. He was never cruel to his men—never exacted unjust things of them—but he was strict in his discipline, and his will was a law from which there was no appeal. I had known him in Boston, years before; and when I found myself, on the present occasion, snugly ensconced in his cabin, it seemed as though our acquaintance had not been interrupted. He was full of story and anecdote, and as we told him of our adventures in Africa, he told us of equally interesting adventures of his own. He had used the rifle in his day, and upon a lounge beneath his bunk was a huge tiger-skin which he assured us was a trophy of his skill.

One evening, as we sat together in the cabin, I told to Captain Manson the story of our capture of the royal python, and also related to him the incidents of my fearful adventure with the pickaholu at Boja. I noticed that he shuddered several times during the recital of the last story; and when I had concluded he looked pale and nervous. He arose and went to one of the lockers in the bulkhead, and drank a glass of wine; and when he came back he seemed to have regained his wonted composure.

"Gentlemen," said he, after he had resumed his seat, "I can tell you a story of an adventure that I once had almost equal to that of the valley of Boja."

We were anxious to hear his story, and having stepped to the companion-way to assure himself that all was right on deck, he returned and commenced as follows:

"Twelve years ago I commanded the ship *Winthrop*, of Salem. We discharged our Yankee cargo at Calcutta, and proceeded to Samarang, on the northern coast of Java, after a load of coffee, rice and spices. We had taken in the coffee and rice; but as the spice had to be brought from a district back toward the mountains, we were forced to wait for it. One day, after dinner, I proposed to my first mate that we should take our rifles and go out into the forest. This mate's name was Haskell. He was a stout, hearty fellow, hailing from Bangor, and about as much at home in the forest as he was upon the sea. He gladly accepted my proposition, and we at once set forth, armed with a good rifle each and a brace of pistols.

"The land in the immediate vicinity of Samarang is low and marshy; but back, in a south-westerly direction, there is quite a forest, where we expected to find plenty of game. We knew that wild hogs were numerous, and that several species of antelopes roamed in the woods near the mountains; and we furthermore knew that leopards and tigers abounded. The tiger of Java is fully the equal, in size and strength, of the royal beast of Bengal. We did not purpose to hunt these monster felines, however, though we had no objections to getting a fair shot at one or two of them.

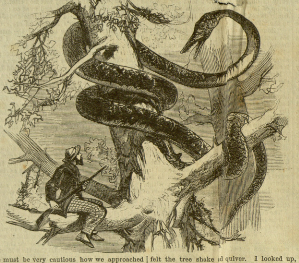
"We took horses at the town and rode to the edge of the forest, some ten or twelve miles distant, where we left the animals in charge of a Dutch gardener, proceeding beyond that on foot. This forest was thick and gloomy; but there was no difficulty in making one's way through it, as the wild hogs and antelopes had been engaged for ages in treading paths through its depths. We had gone a mile, or so, into the wood, when we started up a drove of hogs, and shot two of them. These we covered up with leaves and sticks, and then hove ahead again. In half an hour after this Haskell discovered a pair of large antelopes about quarter of a mile off. We were then upon the brow of a small hill, and these fellows were seen through a long opening, grazing by a brook in the vale below us. We knew if we would capture them that we must be very cautious how we approached them; so I directed Haskell to creep down carefully one way while I went down another. I took to the cover of the woods, and crept on so secretly that I came within two hundred yards of the fellows without disturbing them. That was near enough for a shot, I thought, and I concluded to give them a taste of lead. I did not know where my mate was, and I did not like to wait for him for fear of losing my chance; so I let drive at the game. One of the antelopes gave his head a toss and bounded away like lightning; but the one at which I had fired was staggered, and as quickly as possible I made for him. He stood, like a drunken man trying to keep his feet, with the blood trickling down his shoulder. But he was not so entirely done for as I had imagined. As I came within a few yards of him he turned and made off into the woods. I reloaded my rifle in a hurry, and then gave chase, feeling sure that I should overhaul the fellow without much trouble. I plunged on through the deep wood, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes I saw my game standing by a big teak; but his sight was as quick as mine, and before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder he was off in a thicket, and I pulled after him again. I could hear him lumbering along not many yards ahead of me, and I did my best, for I was determined that he should not escape me if I could help it. Twice after this I had him in sight without an opportunity to fire; but the third time I brought him down with a bullet straight through his heart. He was a fat, noble fellow, with long, arching horns, and as I placed my foot upon his side I fancied what a nice broil I would have from his rump.

"But what should I do with him? Where was Haskell? In short, where was I? I could not lug the antelope off alone. The most I could do was to cover the carcass up, and mark the place, so that I might return with help. But before proceeding to this work I called for my companion. I stood there and hallooed as loud as I could, but no answer from Haskell. I yelled till I was hoarse, and then concluded to give it up, and find him when I could. I covered up my dead antelope, and having marked the spot so that I might be sure of finding it again, I started back to make my way out of the forest, for my watch told me that the afternoon had been pretty nearly used up. I supposed I was in the right way, so I pushed ahead as fast as possible. I guess I had gone a mile, and perhaps more, when I came to a huge boulder that sat in among the trees like a small castle. I had certainly not seen this before, and I naturally concluded that I was in the wrong path. I stopped and called again for my mate; but the only answer I got was the echo of my own voice.

"Where was the sun? So sure had I been that I was steering on the right course that I had not thought to look for the sun; and now, when I wanted that object for a bearing, I found that it had gone out of sight. I pulled out my chronometer, and found it to be past seven o'clock in the evening. Once more I called for Haskell; and when I found that I could gain no answer thus, I discharged my rifle, hoping, if he heard it, that he would discharge his in return; but the effort was fruitless. After reflecting awhile, and considering the points of the compass, as I carried them in my mind, I changed my course, and pushed on again. In half an hour I brought up upon the margin of a boggy pond which I had never before seen, and as I stood there the last faint glimmer of day died out. The forest was now as dark as a tomb, and to think of navigating it any further without light would be simply foolish. It was not very pleasant to camp there in that lonesome hole, but I could see no help for it. I considered the matter in all its bearings, and concluded that it would be the best thing I could do. So I looked to my rifle and pistols, to be sure that the caps were on; and then I selected a grassy knoll, beneath some thick-leaved trees, and lay me down, with a handkerchief tied about my head, and my hat for a pillow.

"I did not easily fall asleep. I was tired enough; but the thought of having lost my way in such a foolish manner worried me and kept me awake. I had lain there more than an hour, and was just beginning to fee like dosing, when a sharp growl close by me caused me to start up and seize my rifle. I listened, and plainly heard the footsteps of some animal in the path that led to the water; and presently afterward I heard the step of a second. They were soft, creeping steps, and yet heavy. There were tigers and leopards in the forests of Java, as I well knew, and I believed that something of that kind was near me. I sat perfectly still until the sound of the footsteps had died away toward the pond, and then I concluded that I had better change my quarters. Not far from me was a large tree, with wide-spreading branches, which I had noticed as I came down. With considerable help from my sense of feeling, and a very slight help from the dim stars, I succeeded in finding the tree; and with some effort I managed to climb its huge trunk, and seat myself in a crotch where three large branches shot out from the same level. I had slept in the top, and upon the crosstrees, and upon the bunt of a jib, too often to have any fears of losing my place in that nook; so I placed myself in as easy a position as possible, and was soon asleep.

"It must have been quite late when I finally slept, and I must have been very tired; for when I awoke, the day had fairly broken, and there was light enough to enable me to see the paths quite plainly. I looked first to see if any of my nocturnal visitors were in sight, but the coast was clear as far as my eye could reach. I had tightened my belt, and balanced my rifle upon my back, and was about to start down from my perch, when I thought I heard something moving above me, and at the same time I felt the tree shake and quiver. I looked up, and at first I saw nothing but brown branches and green leaves; but very soon another sight was presented to my vision—a sight that so completely froze my blood that for some moments I was utterly powerless either for thought or motion. And even now, as I recall the scene, my heart chills and quakes, and a sickening sensation comes over me.



"In the tree, above me, supporting himself upon half a dozen of the stoutest branches, was a Java Rock Snake, so the reptile is generally called—though he belongs to the Python family, and is, I think, [illegible]r than that of Natal. The monster in question was by far the largest serpent I had ever seen, and at every motion he made the tree shook from top to root. His body, where it rested over a limb directly above my head, was as large as my own—and my body was not even then a small one—and his jaws, as he separated them once or twice, as though he would see if they were in working order, were of frightful capacity.

"Gentlemen, if you never saw the python of Java, let me tell you that he is by far the most gorgeously colored of all the ophidian constrictors. His back and sides are banded and laced with hues of jetty black and glistening gold, and I never saw the plumage upon a bird more brilliant.

"I have told you that for a time I was utterly powerless; and I may add, that if the snake had darted upon me when I first beheld him, he would have found me an easy victim; but he was not prepared. He evidently wished to determine what manner of game he had found; and while he was thus engaged my senses returned to me. I had not yet moved my position, nor did I plan to do so in a hurry; for, as my thoughts began to work, my perceptions were painfully clear and active. As the monster then lay he could have struck me with his head without removing a single coil from the branches; and if I attempted to leave my seat I feared he might do it. With one fold of that terrible body once around me my fate was sealed! and as this thought came upon me I was very near growing faint again; but, by an effort, I shook off the incubus, and began to plan for deliverance. I had reached this stage of mental preparation when the serpent raised his head, and slowly unwound the turn nearest thereto. Then he arched his neck, and darted out his tongue, his eyes glowing and flaming like fire. I felt sure that he intended soon to strike me.

"Calling all my strength to my aid for that mighty ordeal, I stilled my beating heart, and calmed the quiver of my nerves. Carefully and deliberately I removed my rifle from my back, and pushed the muzzle up until the barrel rested upon a branch above me. The head of the monster, which had been swaying slightly to and fro, came to a pause as this new object presented itself, and at that moment I got a fair aim, the line of my sight striking directly under the broad, flat head. Moments were precious then, and I did not throw them away. As soon as I was thus sure of my aim, I pulled the trigger, and while the smoke was yet curling above me I threw my rifle upon the ground, and followed it as quickly as possible. For a few seconds I was like one bewildered, but I shortly recovered myself, and having caught up my rifle I leaped away until I knew that I was beyond the serpent's reach. Then I stopped and looked back, for I was sure that I could outrun the fellow in the smooth path. But he was not in a condition to give me chase. He still held two or three turns upon one of the stoutest branches of the tree, while his head was beating about like the slew of a shivering mainsail in a gale of wind; and when I saw that the blood was flying in all directions I believed that he was done for.

"I stood there until the furious motions of the monster had subsided, and as I again approached him I saw that his head hung limp and powerless, only the tail giving signs of life. To make the matter more sure, however, I put two pistol balls through his skull; and then, having reloaded my fire-arms, I started off upon a new trial to find my way out of the forest. I was somewhat weak and tremulous at first; but the thought of my marvellous escape operated somewhat as an antidote to the old terror, and I found strength to pass on. At the end of an hour I found the path which Haskell and I had threaded the day before; and ere long long after that I met my mate at the head of a party of Dutch settlers. He had spent half the night in a vain endeavor to find me, and with the first break of day he had gone to the nearest hamlet, where we had left our horses, and obtained help.

"We returned to the place where I had left the python, and found him upon the ground, his strength having so far failed him that he could no longer hold his coils upon the branches of the tree. There was considerable activity in the muscles of the lower part of the body; but the Dutchmen pounded it with their clubs until they had broken the spine in several places, after which, with my permission, they took off the skin for me. The monster lacked only two inches of being thirty feet in length.

"When the skin of the python had been secured we went and got the antelope I had slain, and then we made our way out of the wood as quickly as possible, for I was very hungry. I reached my ship in safety; and as I placed my feet upon the deck I felt that I should never desire to hunt in the forests of Java any more; but the burnt child doesn't always keep from the fire. I have hunted there several times since; but have been very careful to guard against being left out again in those forests over night."

THE CHIEF OBSTACLE TO ENLISTMENTS.

Various causes have been assigned by editors, politicians and civilians for tardiness in the enlistment business. None of them having, in our opinion, touched the root of the matter, it may not be inopportune to offer a woman's solution—viz.: *Tobacco!* In our opinion no male creature persistently and slavishly addicted to the use of this drug, dreads any evil which could possibly befall his country or himself like —*exertion! This* "enemy" is his daily and hourly bugbear;—how to dodge and avoid it is his anxious study from rosy dawn till dewy dark. To secure uninterrupted his precious "smoke," he would even allow his wife to be waited upon by some other man, provided he were not *too* fascinating, or she had not an undeniable and irrepressible gift for flirting. To put up his heels and think of nothing but the wreaths of smoke above his nose, is the Paradise of the male creature of 1864. Whoso, or whatsoever, interferes with this, be it family, church or State, has his hearty (though it may be silent) malediction. "The Union must and shall be preserved," of course; but why can't some other fellow go and help do it? Camp beds are horrid things at best; wet clothes worn six weeks without changing are suggestive of scurvy. Powder has been known to hurt; and though the Government finds artificial legs and arms for those it takes off, yet somehow they don't feel exactly like a man's own. And then there's that bitter pill to coat and trousers submission. *Wasn't "man born to rule?"*

Don't the veriest little masculine wasp who ever strutted on the stage of existence feel *that* to his back bone? The whole army can't be Generals and Majors and Lieutenants, and where are the *privates* to come from? Beside, he will have to march when the lazy smoking-mania is on him; and though a wife is often a nuisance in the same way, yet *she* can be scolded and snubbed and fretted till she is sick and quiet; whereas one's commander *may* answer back with a bullet.

Bounties are not to be despised, 'tis true; but then *dead* soldiers, after all, can't "smoke." Shoulder-straps are good in their place; but even officers' cigars have been known to give out and "suttlers" to be "non est."

Beside, ones hearing should be quite perfect to be a soldier; and he has lately had symptoms of deafness; and once when a boy he sprained his little finger, and is now hourly expecting a relapse; then his near-sightedness grows on him, and altogether he has suddenly, for the first time in his life, such a just and overpowering sense of his general good-for-nothingness; that he feels it his duty to find a substitute if drafted; or else do a much more difficult thing, viz., prove himself to be *the comfort and support* of a widowed mother. FANNY FERN.

TICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. W., in regard to COLLEGIAN'S late challenge to "professors in college or out of college" to establish the theory that the reason a quantity of sugar can be dissolved in a glass of water without increasing its bulk, is because the particles of sugar are smaller than the drops of water, and so get between the latter, as oats would get between apples in a barrel, says: "I am not a professor either in or out of college, but I think I can make the theory of the 'Professor of Chemistry' perfectly plain to COLLEGIAN. First—If you fill a glass tube with water and then nicely adjust a rod so as to work air tight in the tube, you will find by pressing the rod or piston downward that water is capable of compression. Then, if water is capable of compression, this is a satisfactory proof that there are minute spaces between the particles of water, and that on introducing sugar or any other ingredient into a tumbler of water the bulk of the water would not increase until these spaces were filled by that ingredient. COLLEGIAN also asks the question, 'How long does any one drop in the sea or ocean retain its identity?' In asking this question COLLEGIAN plainly shows that he has the two words *drop* and *particle* confounded. A particle of a body, whether solid or liquid, is one of the parts of which it is composed. A drop of water may be composed of a great number of particles."

LIEUT. COLONEL.—You should apply to your commanding officer for the relief you seek. The original Mason and Dixon's line is the boundary line between Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. It is called Mason and Dixon's line because it was projected from the observations of Mason and Dixon and Lieut. Col. J. D. Graham. Its technical description is as follows: "Commencing at Cape Henlopen, in Lat. 38 degrees, 27 minutes, 34 seconds, and running on that parallel to a point midway between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, thence on a line tangent to a circle the radius of which is 12 English statute miles from the centre of the Court House at New Castle, Del., to its intersection with said circle, thence due north until reaching a point fifteen statute miles south of the parallel of the most southern point of the city of Philadelphia, thence due west on the parallel of 39 degrees, 43 minutes, 18 seconds." Of late years, however, "Mason and Dixon's line" has been referred to as the line dividing the free from the slave States, all along the borders, speakers usually having no definite idea as to the actual locality of the line itself.

P. R.—"A man dying," says P. R., "gave to his eldest son ⅓ of ½ of his property; and to his second son 1-5 of ½ of it. On computing their portions, he found that one had $4,000 more than the other. The remainder of his estate he then divided among his wife and six younger children, giving his wife 5-11 of it, and 1-11 to each of the children. How much did each get?" The eldest's share of the whole estate was ⅓ of ½, which equals 1-6. The second son's share was 1-5 of ½, which equals 1-10. The difference between 1-6 and 1-10 is 4-60, and this, according to your statement, equals $4,000; hence the entire estate was $60,000. Of this the eldest would have $10,000, and the second son $6,000; leaving a remainder of $44,000. Of this each of the six younger children would have 1-11, or $4,000; and the wife would have 5-11 or $20,000, which would consume the entire estate.

MASQUERADE.—We think that a vast majority of those whose good opinion is most valuable would say that a girl of thorough, inherent, immaculate, divine delicacy would not, under any circumstances, dress in male attire for fun or sport. If a life were to be saved, and it could only be done by some girl's disguising herself in male attire, such a metamorphosis would be excusable.

MERIDIAN.—You seem to have got confused by not distinguishing between the commencement and the end of any year of your life. On your twenty-first birthday you were of course twenty-one years old; but you then entered, or, as the common saying is, "were in," your twenty-second year. There is no contradiction in this, as you will no doubt be able to see, on reflection.

EMBARRASSED.—We give the following letter as coming from about the best possible specimen of a vain and conceited popinjay which this or any other country can furnish. He says: "I am in trouble and need some of your unerring advice. I am a young man (I do not mean to make any vain boasts) of prepossessing appearance, easy manners and almost courtly address. I am a great favorite with the ladies, and they say that I am *very* handsome. All of the young men in this vicinity envy me my great success in captivating the hearts of all the young ladies that I chance to meet. But they would not envy me if they knew of the sorrow it has cost me and the troubles that I have endured in consequence. For (I hardly dare say it) I am engaged to four young ladies. Now, do not blame me, for it was not my fault; they inveigled me into it. I was engaged to the fifth one for a time, but she flared up and charged me with paying attention to other young ladies, and said that if I did not quit it she would break off the engagement. I could not convince her to the contrary without flatly denying it, and that I could not do (without telling a fib, and that I *would* not do); for I have to keep engagements with all of them; so I lost my temper and told her that I considered the engagement at an end. Then she began to cry and, I thought, repent at what she had said. But I left the house instantly and have not seen her since. I wanted to marry her, for she is rich; but then I fear that she would be jealous. The other four are different. I have tried repeatedly to get rid of them, but cannot. I have charged them with inconstancy and told them that I thought our chain of betrothal had better be snapped asunder. Then they would cry and say that if they had done anything wrong they implored my forgiveness and beg me not to leave them to a life-long misery or break their hearts, for they had always meant to be true. They do not all use the same words to express their devotion, but all cling to me tenaciously. Now, *what shall I do?* (they are all handsome and fascinating); shall I go into the army? (I am a good Union man), or had I better run away and get to California or Europe, or had I better stay at home and marry one of the girls and run the risk of breaking the hearts of the other three, or of being sued for breach of promise? Please answer me in your next issue if convenient, for I am very anxious to get your advice. Delay may involve me in more difficulty." If you can summon to your aid sufficient manliness and decency to tell the young ladies the truth, they will probably relieve you of all the troubles your fancy paints, by spurning you from their presence for evermore.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS maintain that our answer to the problem of the shoemaker and the bogus coin is incorrect. The statement was, that a stranger bought a pair of boots, valued at $7, of a shoemaker, and gave him a $17 foreign gold coin in payment; that the shoemaker, not having change for it, got a neighbor to change it; that the next day, it was discovered that the coin was bogus, and the shoemaker took it back and gave his neighbor $17 in good money for it. The question was, How much did the shoemaker lose by the operation? We answered $17; but a great many of our friends maintain that he lost $27; while others argue that he lost the boots and $17, making $24 in all. It is the "neighbor" that works the confusion in the minds of our correspondents. If *he* had been kept out of the business, the matter would have been perfectly plain. Let us go back to the first day's operations, and see how matters then stood. The neighbor had changed the $17 gold coin—given $17 in good money for it, $10 of which had been handed over to the stranger as his change, and the other $7 had of course been appropriated by the shoemaker in payment for his boots. At that stage of the business he certainly had lost nothing. Up to that time the neighbor had sustained the entire loss. The next morning his neighbor comes in, announces that the coin is bogus, and demands back his $17. The shoemaker gives it to him and takes the coin; that is to say, the loss is shifted from the neighbor to the shoemaker. Is it not clear that the $17 which he then gives his neighbor is all that the shoemaker loses? The stranger certainly did not gain more than $17—the boots and $10 in change. It is equally certain that the neighbor did not gain anything. If, then, only $17 was *gained* by anybody, nobody could have possibly *lost* more than that sum.

L. D. M. says, "A number of us, ladies and gentlemen, have got into a discussion as to when the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence will occur—whether on the Fourth of July 1876, or on the Fourth of July 1877. At first thoughts, it seemed certain that it must be in 1876; but an old hair-splitter in the village took the ground that the *first* anniversary was on the Fourth day of July 1777, which we all had to admit; and that of course the one-hundredth (or centennial) anniversary would come on the Fourth day of July 1877. This seems to be so, and yet it don't seem to be right. There is evidently a screw loose somewhere, and we want you to tell us where the trouble lies." The trouble is in your powers of calculation. Taking the "old hair-splitter's" basis, to wit, that the *first* anniversary occurred on July 4th, 1777, the question is, how many more anniversaries must occur before the one-hundredth will arrive? *One* of the hundred having come, there can of course be but ninety-nine to follow, and 99 added to 1777 makes 1876; so you may quietly settle down on the fact that the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of our Independence will occur on the Fourth day of July 1876, when no doubt all the then inhabitants of this great, glorious, pacificated and consolidated Republic will have a most magnificent time.

B. S. B., of Montreal, "pitches in" to some of the rules of grammar, in this wise. He says: "It is correct to say 'Is the family well,' because the word family has a plural form. Thus, we say the family *is*, and the families *are;* the singular noun requiring the singular verb, and the plural noun the plural verb. There never was a rule in grammar so little understood, so liable to lead to error, and so useless withal, as that which says, 'Nouns of multitude implying unity require verbs in the singular,' &c. Who shall say when nouns of multitude express unity or plurality of idea? One man may have one opinion, and another man another opinion on the subject. Is not a family one entire family just as much as an army is an entire army? There is, and should be, but one rule for a simple nominative and the verb, and that is, they should 'agree in person and *number*.' Many persons, in their endeavors to comply with the absurd rule first quoted, commit more blunders than if the rule had never been written."

YOUNG SOLDIER.—Your notion that you could never get to your lady-love in Dixie until the rebellion should be put down, and that therefore the most sensible thing for you to do was to enlist and help put it down, was a most capital one. Any letters that you may wish to send within the Confederate lines, must be left unsealed, so that they can be examined by the proper authorities on the Union side before they forward them, and on the Confederate side before they will permit them to pass. Of course, in such a state of things, you must be guarded in your remarks, and say nothing about your being a Union soldier, else you may bring your affianced to grief.

IOWA QUESTIONER says: "Weary and heavy laden, I come to you for rest. I am a young man, 23 years of age; have a young wife of 17, whom I love dearly, yet hardly know how to support her, as I am not able to work on a farm. I own a small farm worth about $1,000, which I think of selling and moving to some city to reside. I could set up a saloon in a country town, and perhaps make a good living; but I do not think it right to traffic in liquor. What had I best do?" Stick to your farm, stop whining, and go to work like a man. You are, probably, somewhat inclined to shirk the honest duties of life, and need toning up in your moral character.

M. D. M., Indiana.—Such a persevering and industrious young man as you seem to be could doubtless become a first-class lawyer, by devoting the necessary time and study to the achievement. Your best course would be to call on some good, thorough lawyer in your vicinity, tell him what you want, and ask him to let you read his books; also seek his advice in the prosecution of your studies, and if possible obtain employment as a clerk in some good lawyer's office.

EMMA.—In all matters of "keeping company," and of disregarding or replying to neighborhood gossip and slander, a young lady should simply exercise her best discretion and judgment. So long as she *knows* that her conduct is blameless, she can afford to treat gossips and meddlers with silent contempt.

MINERVA.—You cannot learn to speak the French language without a teacher. With a good teacher, and by devoting three hours a day to it, you could master the language in a year.

HANNIBAL.—A man who seems to be as familiar with his faults, and as positive as to their nature, as you do, ought surely to be able to correct them. Perhaps the difficulty lies in your being nothing proud of your faults.

S. T.—When a correspondence has been agreed upon between a young gentleman and a young lady, the former should write the first letter.

O. P. W.—Your problem is interesting, but it is too extended and complex for our columns. We can only give space to such problems as can be put in small compass.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*